AGLAURA.

PRESENTED
At the Private Houſe in *Black-Fryers*, by his Majeſties Servants.

Written by
Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Walkley*, and are to be ſold by *Humphrey Moſeley*, at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Princes armes in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1646.

PROLOGVE.

I've thought upon't; and cannot tell which way
Ought I can ſay now, ſhould advance the Play.
For Playes are either good, or bad; the good,
(If they doe beg) beg to be underſtood.
And in good faith, that has as bold a ſound,
As if a Beggar ſhould aske twenty pound.
— Men have it not about them:
Then (Gentlemen) if rightly underſtood,
The bad do need leſſe Prologue than the good:
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blinde,
Ill cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it needs muſt finde
Compaſſion, — It is a beggar without Art: —
But it falls out in penny-worths of Wit,
As in all bargaines elſe. Men ever get
All they can in; will have London *meaſure,*
A handfull over in their very pleaſure.
And now yee have't; hee could not well deny'ee,
And I dare ſweare hee's ſcarce a ſaver by yee.

Prologue to the Court.

THoſe common paſſions, hopes, and feares, that ſtill,
The Poets firſt, and then the Prologues fill
In this our age, hee that writ this, by mee,
Proteſts againſt as modeſt foolerie.
Hee thinks it an odde thing to be in paine,
For nothing elſe, but to be well againe.
Who writes to feare is ſo; had hee not writ,
You ne're had been the Iudges of his wit;
And when hee had, did he but then intend
To pleaſe himſelfe, he ſure might have his end
Without th'expence of hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thriftie, ſave your doomes
For the next man, or the next Play that comes;
For ſmiles are nothing, where men doe not care,
And frownes as little, where they need not feare.

To

To the King.

This (Sir) to them, but unto Majeſtie.
All hee has ſaid before, hee does denie.
Yet not to Majeſtie: that were to bring
His feares to be, but for the Queen and King,
Not for your ſelves; and that hee dares not ſay:
T'are his Soveraignes another way:
Your ſoules are Princes, and you have as good
A title that way, as yee have by blood
To governe, and here your power's more great
And abſolute, than in the royall Seat.
There men diſpute, and but by Law obey,
Here is no Law at all, but what yee ſay.

Scena Perſia.

King, *In love with* Aglaura.
Therſames, *Prince, in love with* Aglaura.
Orbella, *Queen, at firſt Miſtreſſe to* Ziriff: *in love with* Ariaſpes.
Ariaſpes, *Brother to the King.*
Ziriff, *Otherwayes* Sorannez *diſguiſed, Captaine of the Guard, in love with* Orbella, *brother to* Aglaura.
Iolas, *A Lord of the Councell, ſeeming friend to the Prince, but a Traytour, in love with* Semanthe.
Aglaura, *In love with the Prince, but nam'd Miſtreſſe to the King.*
Orſames, *A young Lord antiplatonique; friend to the Prince.*
Philan, *The ſame.*
Semanthe, *In love with* Ziriff; *platonique.*
Orithie, *In love with* Therſames.
Paſithas, *A faithfull ſervant.*
Iolinas, Aglaura's *waiting-woman.*
Courtiers.
Huntſmen.
Prieſt.
Guard.

AGLAURA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter IOLAS, IOLINA.

Iolas, MArried? and in *Diana's* Grove!
Jolin. So was th'appointment, or my Senſe (deceiv'd me.
Iolas, Married!
Now by thoſe Powers that tye thoſe pretty knots,
'Tis very fine, good faith 'tis wondrous fine:
Jolin. What is, Brother?
Iolas, Why? to marrie Siſter——
T'injoy 'twixt lawfull and unlawfull thus
A happineſſe, ſteale as 'twere ones owne;
Diana's Grove, ſayeſt thou? —— *Scratcheth his head.*
Jolin. That's the place; the hunt once up, and all
Ingag'd in the ſport, they meane to leave
The company, and ſteale unto thoſe thickets,
Where, there's a Prieſt attends them;
Iolas, And will they lye together think'ſt thou?
Jolin. Is there diſtinction of ſex thinke you?
Or fleſh and bloud?
Iolas, True; but the King, Siſter!
Jolin. But love, Brother!
Iolas, Thou ſayeſt well;
'Tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine:
Diana's Grove ——

Jolin. Yes, *Diana's* grove,
But Brother if you should speake of this now, — (so fast:
Jol. Why thou know'st a drowning man holds not a thing
Semanthe! she shuns me too: (*Enter* Semanthe *she sees*
Jolin. The wound festred sure! (Iolas *and goes in again.*
The hurt the boy gave her, when first
Shee look'd abroad into the world, is not yet cur'd.
Iolas, What hurt?
Iolin. Why, know you not
Shee was in love long since with young *Zoranes,*
(*Aglaura's* brother.) and the now Queens betroth'd?
Iolas, Some such slight Tale I'ave heard. (nam'd,
Iolin. Slight? she yet does weep, when she but hears him
And tels the prettiest, and the saddest stories
Of all those civill wars, and those Amours,
That, trust me both my Lady and my selfe
Turne weeping Statues still.
Iolas, Pish, 'tis not that.
'Tis *Ziriff* and his fresh glories here
Have rob'd me of her.
Since he thus appear'd in Court,
My love has languish'd worse than Plants in drought.
But time's a good Physician: come, lets in:
The King & Queen by this time are come forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Serving-men to Ziriff.

1 *Serv.* Yonder's a crowd without, as if some strange
Sight were to be seen to day here.
2 *Serv.* Two or three with Carbonadoes afore in stead
of faces mistook the doore for a breach, & at the opening
of it, are striving still which should enter first.
3 *Serv.* Is my Lord busie? (*Knocks.*)

Enter Ziriff *as in his Studie.*

1 *Serv.* My Lord there are some Souldiers without —
Zir. Well I will dispatch them presently.
2 *Serv.* Th'Embassadours from the Caduſians too— —
Zir. Shew them the Gallerie.
3 *Serv.* One from the King —

Zir.

Zir. Again? I come, I come. *Exeunt Serving-men.*

Ziriff *ſolus.*

Greatneſſe, thou vainer ſhadow of the Princes beames,
Begot by meere reflection, nouriſh'd in extreames;
Firſt taught to creepe, and live upon the glance,
Poorely to fare, till thine owne proper ſtrength
Bring thee to ſurfet of thy ſelfe at laſt.
How dull a Pageant, would this States-play ſeeme
To mee now; were not my love and my revenge
Mixt with it? —
Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymiſts blowing ſtill the coales,
And ſtill expecting, when the bleſſed houre
Would com, ſhould make me maſter of
The Court *Elixar*, Power, for that turnes all:
'Tis in projection now; downe, ſorrow, downe,
And ſwell my heart no more, and thou wrong'd ghoſt
Of my dead father, to thy bed agen,
And ſleep ſecurely;
It cannot now be long, for ſure *Fate* muſt,
As't has been cruell, ſo, a while be *juſt*. *Exit.*

Enter King and Lords, the Lords intreating for Priſoners.

King. I ſay they ſhall not live; our mercie
Would turne ſinne, ſhould we but uſe it er'e:
Pittie, and Love, the boſſes onely be
Of government meerly for ſhow and ornament.
Feare is the bit that mans proud will reſtraines,
And makes its vice its vertue — See it done.

Enter to them Queen, Aglaura, *Ladies, the King addreſſes himſelfe to* Aglaura.

So early, and ſo curious in your dreſſe, (faire Miſtreſſe?)
Theſe prettie ambuſhes and traps for hearts
Set with ſuch care to day, looke like deſigne:
Speake, Lady, is't a maſſacre reſolv'd?
Is conquering one by one growne tedious ſport?
Or is the number of the taken ſuch,

That

That for your ſafetie you muſt kill out-right?

Agl. Did none doe greater miſchiefe (Sir) than I,
Heav'n would not much be troubled with ſad ſtorie,
Nor would the quarrell man has to the Starres
Be kept alive ſo ſtrongly.

King. When hee does leave't
Woman muſt take it up, and juſtly too;
For robbing of the ſex and giving all to you.

Agl. Their weakeneſſes you meane, and I confeſſe Sir.

King. The greateſt ſubjects of their power or glorie.
Such gentle rape thou act'ſt upon my ſoule,
And with ſuch pleaſing violence doſt force it ſtill;
That when it ſhould reſiſt, it tamely yeilds,
Making a kinde of haſte to be undone,
As if the way to victorie were loſſe,
And conqueſt came by overthrow.

Enter an Expreſſe delivering a Packet upon his knee.

The King reads. (*Ladies heads.*

Qu. Prettie! *The Queen looking upon a flower in one of the*
Is it the child of nature, or of ſome faire hand?

La. 'Tis as the beauty Madam of ſome faces,
Arts iſſue onely.

King. Therſames,
This concernes you moſt, brought you her picture?

Exp. Somthing made up for her in haſt I have. (*Preſents*

King. If ſhe does owe no part of this faire dower (*the Pi-*
Vnto the Painter, ſhe is rich enough. (*cture.*

Agl. A kinde of merry ſadneſſe in this face
Becomes it much.

King. There is indeed, *Aglaura*,
A prettie ſulleneſſe dreſt up in ſmiles,
That ſayes this beauty can both kill, and ſave.
How like you her *Therſames*?

Ther. As well as any man can doe a houſe
By ſeeing of the portall, here's but a face,
And faces (Sir) are things I have not ſtudied;
I have my dutie, and may boldly ſweare.

What

What you like beſt will ever pleaſe me moſt.
King. Spoke like *Therſames*, and my ſonne,
Come! the day holds faire,
Let all the Huntſ-men meet us in the vale,
We will uncouple there. *Exeunt.*

Ariaſpes : *ſolus ſtayes behinde.*

Ariaſp. How odd a thing a croud is unto me!
Sure nature intended I ſhould be alone,
Had not that old doting man-mid-wife *Time*
Slept, when he ſhould have brought me forth I had
Been ſo too—— *Studies and Scratches his head.*
To be borne nere, and onely nere a crowne——
Enter Jolas.
Iol. How now my Lord?
What? walking o'th 'tops of Pyramids?
Whiſpering your ſelfe away
Like a deny'd lover? come! to horſe, to horſe,
And I will ſhew you ſtreight a ſight ſhall pleaſe you
More than kinde lookes from her you dote upon
After a falling out.
Ariaſp. Prithee what is 't?
Iol. Ile tell you as I goe.—— *Exeunt.*
Enter Huntſ-men hollowing and whooping.
Hunt. Which way? which way?
Enter Therſames, Aglaura *muffled.*
Ther. This is the grove 'tis ſomwhere here within.— *Ex.*
Enter dogging of them, Ariaſpes, Jolas.
Iol. Gently! Gently!
Enter Orſames, Philan, *a Huntſman, two Courtiers.*
Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope.
Orſ. None, none,
Thou wouldſt have warranted it to another,
If I had broke my neck:
What? doſt thinke my horſe and I ſhew tricks?
That which way ſoever he throwes me
Like a tumblers boy I muſt fall ſafe?
Was there a bed of roſes there? would I were Eunuch

if

if I had not as leif h'a falne in the ſtate, as where I did; the ground was as hard, as if it had been pav'd with Platonicke Ladies hearts, and this unconſcionable fellow askes whether I have no hurt; where's my horſe.

1 *Court.* Making love to the next mare I thinke.

2 *Court.* Not the next I aſſure you,
Hee's gallop't away, as if all the ſpurs i'th' field
Were in his ſides.

Ors. Why there's it? the jades in the faſhion too.
Now ha's done me an injurie, he will not come nere me.
Well when I hunt next, may it be upon a ſtarv'd cow,
Without a ſaddle too.
And may I fall into a ſaw-pit, and not be taken up, but with ſuſpition of having been private, with mine owne beaſt there. Now I better conſider on't too, Gentlemen, 'tis but the ſame thing we doe at Court; here's every man ſtriving who ſhall be formoſt, and hotly purſuing of what he ſeldome overtakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.

Phi. He that's beſt hors'd (that is beſt friended) gets in ſooneſt, and then all hee has to doe is to laugh at thoſe that are behind. Shall we helpe you my Lord?——

Or. Prithee doe —— ſtay!
To be in view, is to be in favour,
Is it not?

Phi. Right,
And he that has a ſtrong faction againſt him, hunts, upon a cold ſent, and may in time come to a loſſe.

Ors. Here's one rides two miles about, while another leapes a ditch and is in before him.

Phi. Where note the indirect way's the neareſt.

Ors. Good againe——

Phi. And here's another puts on, and fals into a Quagmire, (that is) followes the Court till he has ſpent all (for your Court quagmire is want of money) there a man is ſure to ſtick, and then not one helps him out, if they doe not laugh at him.

1 *Court.*

1 *Court.* What think you of him, that hunts after my rate
And never ſees the Deere?
2 *Court.* Why he is like ſome young fellow, that follows
The Court, and never ſees the King.
Orſ. To ſpurre a horſe till he is tir'd, is
Phi. To importune a friend till he be weary of you.
Orſ. For then upon the firſt occaſion y'are thrown off,
As I was now. (*mes.*
Phi. This is nothing to the catching of your horſe *Orſa-*
Orſ. Thou ſay'ſt true, I think he is no tranſmigrated
Philoſopher, & therfore not likely to be taken with morals.
Gentlemen——your help, the next I hope will be yours,
And then 'twill be my turne.—— *Exeunt.*

Enter againe married, Therſames, Aglaura, *Prieſt.*

Therſ. Feare not my Deare, if when Loves diet
Was bare lookes and thoſe ſtolne too,
He yet did thrive! what then
Will he doe now? when every night will be
A feaſt, and every day freſh revelrie.
Agl. Will he not ſurfet, when he once ſhall come
To groſſer fare (my Lord) and ſo grow ſicke,
And Love once ſicke, how quickly will it dye?
Ther. Ours cannot; 'tis as immortall as the things
That elemented it, which were our ſoules:
Nor can they ere impaire in health, for what
Theſe holy rites doe warrant us to doe,
More than our bodyes would for quenching thirſt,
Come let's to horſe, we ſhall be miſt,
For we are envies marke, and Court eyes carry farre.
Your prayers and ſilence Sir: —— *to the Prieſt. Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaſpes, Jolas.

Ari. If it ſucceed? I weare thee here my *Jolas*——
Iol. If it ſucceed? will night ſucceed the day?
Or houres one to another? is not his luſt
The Idoll of his ſoule? and was not ſhe
The Idoll of his luſt? as ſafely he might
Have ſtolne the Diadem from off his head,

And

And he would leſſe have miſt it.
You now, my Lord, muſt raiſe his jealouſie,
Teach it to looke through the falſe opticke feare,
And make it ſee all double: Tell him the Prince
Would not have thus preſum'd, but that he does
Intend worſe yet; and that his crowne and life
Will be the next attempt.
Ari. Right, and I will urge
How dangerous 'tis unto the preſent ſtate,
To have the creatures, and the followers
Of the next Prince (whom all now ſtriue to pleaſe)
Too neere about him:
Iol. What if the male-contents that uſe
To come unto him were diſcovered?
Ari. By no meanes; for 'twere in vaine to give
Him diſcontent (which too muſt needs be done)
If they within him gav't not nouriſhment.
Iol. Well, Ile away firſt, for the print's too big
If we be ſeene together.— *Exit.*
Ari. I have ſo fraught this Barke with hope, that it
Dares venture now in any ſtorme, or weather;
And if he ſinke or ſplits, all's one to me.
"Ambition ſeemes all things, and yet is none,
"But in diſguiſe ſtalkes to opinion
"And fooles it into faith, for every thing:
'Tis not with th'aſcending to a Throne,
As 'tis with ſtaires, and ſteps, that are the ſame;
For to a Crowne, each humour's a degree;
And as men change, and differ, ſo muſt wee.
The name of vertue doth the people pleaſe,
Not for their love to vertue, but their eaſe,
And Parrat Rumour I that tale have taught.
By making love I hold the womans grace,
'Tis the Court double key, and entrance gets
To all the little plots; the fierie ſpirits
My love to Armes hath drawne into my faction;
All, but the minion of the Time, is mine,

And

And he ſhall be, or ſhall not be at all.
He that beholds a wing in pieces torne,
And knows not that to heav'n it once did beare
The high-flowne and ſelfe-leſs'ning bird will thinke
And call them idle Subjects of the winde:
When he that has the skill to imp and binde
Theſe in right places, will thus truth diſcover;
That borrowed Inſtruments doe oft convey
The Soule to her propos'd Intents, and where
Our Stars deny, Art may ſupply—— *Exit.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Orſames, Philan.

Sem. Thinke you it is not then
The little jealouſies (my Lord) and feares,
Joy mixt with doubt, and doubt reviv'd with hope
That crownes all love with pleaſure? theſe are loſt
When once we come to full fruition;
Like waking in the morning, when all night
Our fancie has been fed with ſome new ſtrange delight.

Orſ. I grant you, Madam, that the feares, and joyes,
Hopes, and deſires, mixt with deſpaires, and doubts,
Doe make the ſport in love; that they are
The very dogs by which we hunt the Hare;
But as the dogs would ſtop, and ſtraight give o're
Were it not for the little thing before;
So would our paſſions; both alike muſt be
Fleſh't in the chaſe.

Ori. Will you then place the happineſſe, but there,
Where the dull plow-man, and the plow-mans horſe
Can find it out? Shall Soules refin'd, not know
How to preſerve alive a noble flame,
But let it die, burne out to appetite?

Sem. Love's a Chamelion, and would live on aire,
Phyſick for Agues, ſtarving is his food.

Orſ. Why? there's it now! a greater Epicure
Lives not on earth? my Lord and I have been
In's Privie kitchin, ſeen his bills of Fare.

Sem. And how, and how my Lord?

Orſ.

Ors. A mightie Prince,
And full of curioſitie —— Harts newly ſlaine
Serv'd up intire, and ſtucke with little Arrowes
In ſtead of Cloaves ———

Phi. Sometimes a cheeke plumpt up
With broth, with creame and claret mingled
For ſauce, and round about the diſh
Pomegranate kernells, ſtrew'd on leaves of Lillies.

Ors. Then will he have black eyes, for thoſe of late
He feeds on much, and for varietie
The gray ———

Phi. You forget his cover'd diſhes
Of Jene-ſtrayes, and Marmalade of Lips,
Perfum'd by breath ſweet as the beanes firſt bloſſomes.

Sem. Rare!
And what's the drinke to all this meat, my Lord?

Ors. Nothing but pearle diſſolv'd, teares ſtill freſh fetch'd
From Lovers eyes, which if they come to be
Warme in the carriage, are ſtreight cool'd with ſighs.

Sem. And all this rich proportion, perchance
We Would allow him:

Ors. True! but therefore this is but his common diet;
Onely ſerves
When his chiefe Cookes, *Liking* and *Opportunitie*,
Are out o'th' way; for when hee feaſts indeed,
'Tis there, where the wiſe people of the world
Did place the vertues, i'th' middle —— Madam.

Ori. My Lord there is ſo little hope weſhould cõvert you;
And if we ſhould, ſo little got by it,
That weell not looſe ſo much upon't as ſleepe.
Your Lordſhips ſervants ———

Ors. Nay Ladies wee'll wait upon you to your chambers.

Ph. Prithee lets ſpare the complement, we ſhall doe no (good

Ors. By this hand Ile try,
They keepe me faſting, and I muſt be praying. *Exeunt.*

Aglaura *undreſſing of her ſelfe*, Jolina.

Agl. Undreſſe mee: ——

Is

Is it not late, *Iolina*?
It was the longeſt day, this ——
Enter Therſames.
Ther. Softly, as Death it ſelfe comes on,
When it does ſteale away the ſicke mans breath,
And ſtanders by perceive it not,
Have I trod, the way unto theſe lodgings.
How wiſely doe thoſe Powers
That give us happineſſe, order it?
Sending us ſtill feares to bound our joyes,
Which elſe would over-flow and loſe themſelves:
See where ſhee ſits,
Like day retir'd into another world.
Deare mine! where all the beautie man admires
In ſcattered pieces, does united lye.
Where ſenſe does feaſt, and yet where ſweet deſire
Lives in its longing, like a Miſers eye,
That never knew, nor ſaw ſacietie:
Tell me, by what approaches muſt I come
To take in what remaines of my felicitie?
Agl. Needs there any new ones, where the breach
Is made already? you are entred here ——
Long ſince (Sir) here, and I have giv'n up all.
Ther. All but the Fort, and in ſuch wars, as theſe,
Till that be yeilded up, there is no peace,
Nor triumph to be made; come! undoe, undoe,
And from theſe envious clouds ſlide quicke
Into Loves proper Sphere, thy bed:
The wearie traveller, whom the buſie Sunne
Hath vex't all day, and ſcorch'd almoſt to tinder.
Were long'd for night, as I have long'd for this.
What rude hand is that? *One knockes haſtily.*
Goe *Iolina*, ſee but let none enter —— *Iolina goes to the doore.*
Iol. 'Tis *Zeriff*, Sir.
Ther. —— Oh ——
Something of weight hath ſalne out it ſeemes,
Which in his zeale he could not keepe till morning.

But one ſhort minute, Deare, into that chamber. —

Enter Ziriff.

How now ?
Thou ſtart'ſt, as if thy ſinnes had met thee,
Or thy Fathers ghoſt ; what newes man ?

Zir. Such as will ſend the blood of haſtie meſſages
Unto the heart, and make it call
All that is man about you into councell?
Where's the Princeſſe, Sir ?

Ther. Why ? what of her ?

Zir. The King muſt have her —

Ther. How ?

Zir. The King muſt have her (Sir)

Ther. Though feare of worſe makes ill, ſtill reliſh better
And this looke handſome in our friendſhip, *Ziriff*,
Yet ſo ſevere a preparation —
There needed not : come, come ! what iſt ?

Ziriff *leads him to the doore, and ſhewes him a Guard.*

A Guard ! *Therſames*,
Thou art loſt ; betray'd
By faithleſſe and ungratefull man, (*and draws.*
Out of a happineſſe : —— *He ſteps between the doore and him.*
The very thought of that,
Will lend my anger ſo much noble juſtice,
That wert thou maſter of as much freſh life,
As th'aſt been of villany, it ſhould not ſerve,
Nor ſtocke thee out, to glorie, or repent
The leaſt of it.

Zir. Put up : put up ! ſuch unbecomming anger
I have not ſeene you weare before.
What ? draw upon your friend, *Diſcovers himſelfe.*
Doe you beleeve me right now ? ——

Ther. I ſcarce beleeve mine eyes : — *Zoraunes.*

Zir. The ſame, but how preſerv'd, or why
Thus long diſguis'd to you, a freer houre muſt ſpeake :
That y'are betrai'd is certaine, but by whom,
Unleſſe the Prieſt himſelfe, I cannot gheſſe

More

More than the marriage, though he knowes not of:
If you now ſend her on theſe early ſummons
Before the ſparks are growne into a flame,
You to redeeme th'offence, or make it leſſe;
And (on my life) yet his intents are faire,
And he will but beſiege, not force affection.
So you gaine time; if you refuſe, there's but
One way; you know his power and paſſion.

Ther. Into how ſtrange a labyrinth am I
Now falne! what ſhall I doe *Zorannes?*

Zir. Doe (Sir) as Sea-men, that have loſt their light
And way: ſtrike ſaile, and lye quiet a while.
Your forces in the Province are not yet
In readineſſe, nor is our friend *Zephines*
Arriv'd at Delphos; nothing is ripe, beſides ——

Ther. Good heavens, did I but dreame that ſhe was mine?
Upon imagination did I climbe up to
This height? let mee then wake and dye,
Some courteous hand ſnatch mee from what's to come,
And ere my wrongs have being, give them end:

Zir. How poore and how unlike the Prince is this?
This trifle woman does unman us all;
Robs us ſo much, it makes us things of pittie.
Is this a time to looſe our anger in?
And vainly breathe it out? when all wee have
Will hardly fill the ſaile of Reſolution,
And make us beare up high enough for action.

Ther. I have done (Sir) pray chide no more;
The ſlave whom tedious cuſtome has enur'd
And taught to thinke of miſerie as of food,
Counting it but a neceſſarie of life,
And ſo digeſting it, ſhall not ſo much as once
Be nam'd to patience, when I am ſpoken of:
Marke mee; for I will now undoe my ſelfe
As willingly, as virgins give up all firſt nights
To them they love: —— *Offers to goe out.*

Zir. Stay, Sir, 'twere fit *Auglara* yet were kept

In ignorance: I will dismisse the Guard,
And be my selfe againe. *Exit.*

Ther. In how much worse estate am I in now,
Than if I neare had knowne her; privation,
Is a miserie as much above bare wretchednesse,
As that is short of happinesse:
So when the Sunne does not appeare,
'Tis darker, cause it once was here.

Enter Ziriff *speakes to* Orsames *and others halfe entred.*

Zir. Nay, Gentlemen:
There needs no force, where there is no resistance:
Ile satisfie the King my selfe.

Ther. —— Oh 'tis well y'are come,
There was within me fresh Rebellion,
And reason was almost unking'd agen.
But you shall have her Sir — *Goes out to fetch* Aglaura.

Zir. What doubtfull combats in this noble youth
Passion and reason have! ——

Enter Thersames *leading* Aglaura.

Ther. Here Sir —— *Gives her, goes on.*

Agl. What meanes the Prince, my Lord?

Zir. Madam, his wiser feare has taught him to disguise
His love and make it looke a little rude at parting.
Affaires that doe concerne, all that you hope from
Happinesse, this night force him away:
And lest you should have tempted him to stay,
(Which hee did doubt you would and would prevaile)
He left you thus: he does desire by mee
You would this night lodge in the little tower,
Which is in my command; the reasons why
Himselfe will shortly tell you.

Agl. 'Tis strange, but I am all obedience — *Exeunt.*

A&

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Therſames, Jolas *a Lord of the Counſell.*

Iol. I To'd him ſo, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common knot,
That to the tying of it two powerfull Princes,
Vertue and Love were joyn'd and that
A greater than theſe two was now
Ingaged in it; Religion; but 'twould, not doe,
The corke of paſſion boy'd up all reaſon ſo
That what was ſaid, ſwam but o'th'top of th'eare
Nere reach't the heart:

Ther. Is there no way for Kings to ſhew their power,
But in their Subjects wrongs? no ſubject neither
But his owne ſonne?

Iol. Right Sir:
No quarrie for his luſt to gorge on, but on what
You fairly had flowne at, and taken:
Well — wert not the King, or wert indeed
Not you, that have ſuch hopes, and ſuch a crowne
To venter, and yet —
Tis but a woman.

Ther. How? that but againe and thou art more enjurious
Than hee, and woul't provoke me ſooner.

Iol. Why Sir?
There are no Altars yet addreſt unto her,
Nor ſacrifice; if I have made her leſſe
Than what ſhe is, it was my love to you:
For in my thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The Nobleſt peece Nature ere lent our eyes,
And of the which, all women elſe, are but
Weake counterfeits, made up by her journey-men;
But was this fit to tell you?
I know you value but too high all that,

And in a loſſe we ſhould not make things more,
'Tis miſeries happineſſe, that wee can make it leſſe
By art, through a forgetfulneſſe upon our ils,
Yet who can doe it here?
When every voyce, muſt needs, and every face,
By ſhewing what ſhe was not ſhew what ſhe was.

Ther. He instantly unto him — *drawes.*

Iol. Stay Sir:
Though't be the utmoſt of my Fortunes hope
To have an equall ſhare of ill with you:
Yet I could wiſh we ſold this trifle life,
At a farre dearer rate, then we are like to doe,
Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.

Ther. Ha!
King! tis indeed.
And there's no Art can canncell that high bond:

Iol. — He cooles againe. — *(to himſelfe.)*
True Sir, and yet mee thinkes to know a reaſon —
For paſſive nature nere had glorious end,
And he that States preventions ever learn'd,
Knowes, 'tis one motion to ſtrike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
They ſay, wait you.

Ther. What ſubtle State tricke now?
But one turne here, and I am back my Lord. — *Exit.*

Iol. This will not doe; his reſolution's like.
A kilfull horſe-man and reaſon is the ſtirrop,
Which though a ſudden ſhock may make
It looſe yet does it meet it handſomly agen.
Stay, 'tmuſt be ſome ſudden feare of wrong
To her, that may draw on a ſudden act
From him and ruine from the King; for ſuch
A ſpirit will not like common ones, be
Rais'd by every ſpell, 'tis in loves circle
Onely 'twill appeare.

Enter

Enter Therſames.

Thir. I cannot beare the burthen of my wrongs
One minute longer.

Iol. Why! what's the matter Sir?

Thir. They doe pretend the ſafety of the State
Now, nothing but my marriage with *Caduſia*
Can ſecure th'adjoyning countrey to it;
Confinement during life for me if I refuſe
Diana's Nunnerie for her——And at that Nunn'rie, *Iolas*,
Allegiance in me like the ſtring of a Watch
Wound up too high, and forc'd above the nicke,
Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Iol. Now by the love I beare to Juſtice, (crime
That Nunn'rie was too ſevere; when vertuous love's a
What man can hope to ſcape a puniſhment,
Or who's indeed ſo wretched to deſire it?

Ther. Right!

Iol. What anſwer made you, Sir!

Ther. None, they gave me till to morrow,
And e're that be, or they or I
Muſt know our deſtinie:
Come friend let's in, there is no ſleeping now;
For time is ſhort, and we have much to doe.——*Exeunt.*

Enter Orſames, Philan *Courtiers.*

Orſ. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate
As a gameſter thinks himſelfe upon the loſſe
Of the laſt ſtake; this is the firſt ſhe
I ever ſwore too heartily, and (by thoſe eyes)
I thinke I had continued unperjur'd a whole moneth,
(And that's faire you'll ſay.)

1 *Court.* Very faire——

Orſ. Had ſhe not run mad betwixt.——

2 *Court.* How? mad?
Who? *Semanthe?*

Orſ. Yea, yea, mad, aske *Philan* elſe.
People that want cleere intervalls talke not
So wildly: Ile tell you Gallants; 'tis now, ſince firſt I

Found my ſelfe a little hot, and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten dayes ſince, (a tedious Ague) Sirs;
(But what of that?)
The gracious glance, and little whiſper paſt,
Approches made from th'hand unto the lip,
I came to viſit her, and (as you know we uſe)
Breathing a ſigh or two by way of prologue,
Told her, that in Loves Phyſicke 'twas a rule,
Where the diſeaſe had birth to ſeeke a cure;
It had no ſooner nam'd love to her, but ſhe
Began to talke of Flames, and Flames,
Neither devouring, nor devour'd, of Aire,
And of Camelions——
1 *Court.* Oh the *Platoniques.* (ſhip's merrie,
2 *Court.* Thoſe of the new religion in love! your Lord-
Troth, how doe you like the humor on't?
Orſ. As thou wouldſt like red haire, or leanneſſe
In thy Miſtreſſe; ſcurvily, 'tdoes worſe with handſomneſſe,
Than ſtrong deſire would doe with impotence;
A meere tricke to inhance the price of kiſſes——
Phi. Sure theſe ſilly women, when they feed
Our expectation ſo high, doe but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raiſe a Spirit
Which handſomly they cannot lay againe:
Orſ. True, 'tis like ſome that nouriſh up
Young Lions till they grow ſo great, they are affraid of
Themſelves, they dare not grant at laſt,
For feare they ſhou'd not ſatisfie.
Phi. Who's for the Town? I muſt take up againe,
Orſ. This villanous Love's as changeable as the Philoſophers Stone, and thy Miſtreſſe as hard to compaſſe too!
Phi. The Platonique is ever ſo; they are as tedious
Before they come to the point, as an old man
Fall'n into the Stories of his youth; (band,
2 *Cour.* Or a widow into the praiſes of her firſt huſ-
Orſ. Well if ſhe hold out but one moneth longer,
If I doe not quite forget, I ere beleaguer'd there,
And remove the ſiege to another place, may all The

The curſes beguil'd virgins loſe upon their perjur'd lovers
Fall upon mee..

Phi. And thou woult deſerve'em all.

Orſ. For what?

Phi. For being in the company of thoſe
That tooke away the Prince's Miſtreſſe from him.

Orſ. Peace, that will be redeem'd——
I put but on this wildneſſe to diſguiſe my ſelfe;
There are brave things in hand, heark i'thy eare:--(*whiſper*)

1. *Court.* Some ſevere plot upon a maiden-head.
Theſe two young Lords make love,
As Embroyderers work againſt a Mask, night and day;
They think importunity a neerer way then merit,
And take women as Schoole-boyes catch Squirrells.
Hunt 'em up and downe till they are wearie,
And fall downe before'm.

Orſ. Who loves the Prince failes not——

Phi. And I am one: my injuries are great as thine,
And doe perſwade as ſtrongly.

Orſ. I had command to bring thee,
Faile not and in thine owne diſguiſe,

Phi. Why in diſguiſe?

Orſ. It is the Princes policie and love;
For if we ſhould miſcarrie,
Some one taken might betray the reſt
Unknowne to one another,
Each man is ſafe, in his owne valour;

2 *Court.* And what Mercers wife are you to cheapen now
Inſtead of his ſilks?

Orſ. Troth; 'tis not ſo well; 'tis but a Cozen of thine——
Come *Philan* let's along:—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene alone.

Orb. What is it thus within whiſpering remorſe,
And calls Love Tyrant? all powers, but his,
Their rigour, and our feare, have made divine!
But every Creature holds of him by ſenſe,
The ſweeteſt Tenure; yea! but my husbands brother:

And

And what of that? doe harmleſſe birds or beaſts
Aske leave of curious Heraldrie at all?
Does not the wombe of one faire ſpring,
Bring unto the earth many ſweet rivers,
That wantonly doe one another chace,
And in one bed, kiſſe, mingle, and embrace?
Man (Natures heire) is not by her will ti'de,
To ſhun all creatures are alli'd unto him,
For then hee ſhould ſhun all; ſince death and life
Doubly allies all them that live by breath:
The Aire that does impart to all lifes brood,
Refreſhing, is ſo neere to it ſelfe, and to us all,
That all in all is individuall:
But, how am I ſure one and the ſame deſire
Warmes *Ariaſpes:* for Art can keepe alive
A beddred love.

Enter Ariaſpes.

Ari. Alone, (Madam) and overcaſt with thought,
Uncloud--uncloud--for if wee may believe
The ſmiles of Fortune, love ſhall no longer pine
In priſon thus, nor undelivered travell
With throes of feare, and of deſire about it.
The Prince. (like to a valiant beaſt in nets)
Striving to force a freedome ſuddenly,
Has made himſelfe at length, the ſurer prey:
The King ſtands only now betwixt, and is,
Juſt like a ſingle tree, that hinders all the proſpect:
'Tis but the cutting downe of him, and wee ——

Orb. Why would't thou thus imbarque into ſtrange ſeas,
And trouble Fate, for what we have already?
Thou art to mee what thou now ſeek'ſt, a Kingdome;
And were thy love as great, as thy ambition;
I ſhould be ſo to thee.

Ari. Thinke you, you are not Madam?
As well and juſtly may you doubt the truths,
Tortur'd, or dying men doe leave behind them:
But then my fortune turnes my miſerie,

When

When my addition ſhall but make you leſſe;
Shall I indure that head that wore a crowne,
For my ſake ſhould weare none? Firſt let me loſe
Th'Exchequer of my wealth, your love; nay, may
All that rich Treaſurie you have about you.
Be rifled by the man I hated, and I looke on;
Though youth be full of ſinne, and heav'n be juſt,
So ſad a doome I hope they keepe not from me;
Remember what a quicke Apoſtacie he made,
When all his vowes were up to heav'n and you.
How, e're the Bridall torches were burnt out,
His flames grew weake, and ſicklier; thinke on that,
Thinke how unſafe you are, if ſhe ſhould now,
Not ſell her honour at a lower rate,
Than your place in his bed.

Orb. And would not you prove falſe too then?

Ari. By this--and this--loves break-faſt: *(Kiſſes her.)*
By his feaſts too yet to come, by all the
Beauty in this face, divinitie too great
To be prophan'd ——

Orb. O doe not ſweare by that;
Cankers may eat that flow'r upon the ſtalke,
(For ſickneſſe and miſchance, are great devourers)
And when there is not in theſe cheeks and lips,
Left red enough to bluſh at perjurie,
When you ſhall make it, what ſhall I doe then?

Ari. Our ſoules by that time (Madam)
Will by long cuſtome ſo acquainted be,
They will not need that duller truch-man Fleſh,
But freely and without thoſe poorer helps,
Converſe and mingle; meane time wee'll teach
Our loves to ſpeake not thus to live by ſignes,
And action is his native language, Madam,

Enter Ziriff *unſeene.*

This box but open'd to the Senſe will doe't.

Orb. I undertake I know not what,

Ari. Thine own ſafety (Deareſt)

Let

Let it be this night, if thou do'ſt; *Whiſper and kiſſe.*
Love thy ſelfe or mee.

Orb. That's very ſudden.

Ari. Not if wee be ſo, and we muſt now be wiſe,
For when their Sun ſets, ours begins to riſe.— *Exeunt.*

Ziriff *ſolus.*

Zir. Then all my feares are true, and ſhe is falſe;
Falſe as a falling Star, or Glow-wormes fire:
This Devill Beauty is compounded ſtrangely,
It is a ſubtill point, and hard to know,
Whether 't has in't more active tempting,
Or more paſſive tempted; ſo ſoone it forces,
And ſo ſoone it yeelds—
Good Gods! ſhee ſeiz'd my heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commiſſion to have us'd me ſo;
And all mankinde beſides— and ſee, if the juſt Ocean
Makes more haſte to pay
To needy rivers, what it borrow'd firſt,
Then ſhee to give, where ſhe ne're tooke;
Mee thinks I feele anger, Revenges Harbenger
Chalking up all within, and thruſting out
Of doores, the tame and ſofter paſſions;—
It muſt be ſo:
To love is noble frailtie, but poore ſin
When we fall once to Love, unlov'd agen. *Exit.*

Enter King, Ariaſpes, Jolas.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Juſtice did conſider, (Sir)
What way it tooke; if you ſhould apprehend
The Prince for Treaſon (which he never did) ſo)
And which, unacted, is unborn; (at leaſt will be beleev'd
Lookers on, and the loud talking croud,
Will thinke it all but water colours
Laid on for a time,
And which wip'd off, each common eye would ſee,
Strange ends through ſtranger wayes:

King. Think'ſt thou I will compound with Treaſon then?
And make one feare anothers Advocate?

Iol.

Iol. Vertue forbid Sir, but if you would permit,
Them to approch the roome (yet who would adviſe
Treaſon ſhould come ſo neere ?) there would be then
No place left for excuſe.

King. How ſtrong are they ?

Iol. Weake, conſidering
The enterprize ; they are but few in number,
And thoſe few too, having nothing but
Their reſolutions conſiderable about them.
A Troope indeed deſign'd to ſuffer what
They come to execute.

King. Who are they are thus wearie of their lives ?

Iol. Their names I cannot give you.
For thoſe he ſent for, he did ſtill receive
At a back doore, and ſo diſmiſt them too.
But I doe thinke *Ziriff* is one.——

King. Take heed ! I ſhall ſuſpect thy hate to others,
Not thy love to me, begot this ſervice ;
This Treaſon thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ſay
Has but an houres age, and I can give accompt
Of him, beyond that time.——Brother, In the little Tower
Where now *Aglaura*'s priſoner,
You ſhall find him ; bring him along,
Hee yet doth ſtand untainted in my thoughts,
And to preſerve him ſo,
Hee ſhall not ſtirre out of my eyes command
Till this great cloud be over.

Iol. Sir, 'twas the Prince who firſt ——

King. I know all that ! urge it no more !
I love the man;
And 'tis with paine, wee doe ſuſpect,
Where wee doe not diſlike :
Th'art ſure hee will have ſome,
And that they will come to night ?

Iol. As ſure as night will come it ſelfe.

King. Get all your Guards in readineſs, we wil our ſelfe
Diſperſe them afterwards ; and both be ſure

To

To weare your thoughts within: Ile act the reſt : *Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orſames, *Courtiers.*

2. *Court.* Well.——If there be not ſome great ſtorme to-
Ne're truſt mee; Whiſper (Court thunder) is in (wards,
Every corner, and there has been to day
About the Towne a murmuring
And buzzing, ſuch as men uſe to make,
When they doe feare to vent their feares ; (heads,
1. *Court.* True, and all the Stateſ-men hang downe their
Like full ear'd corne ; two of them
Where I ſup't, askt what time of night it was,
And when 'twas told them, ſtarted, as if
They had been to run a race. (mirth
2. *Court.* The King too (if you mark him,) doth faigne
And jollitie but through them both,
Flaſhes of diſcontent, and anger make eſcapes :
Orſ. Gentlemen ! 'tis pitty heav'n
Deſign'd you not to make the Almanacks.
You gheſſe ſo ſhrewdly by the ill aſpects,
Or neere conjunctions of the great ones,
At what's to come ſtill ; that without all doubt
The Countrey had beene govern'd wholly by you,
And plow'd and reap'd accordingly ; for mee,
I underſtand this myſterie as little
As the new Love, and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the Time that every thing
But Owles, and Lovers take their reſt ;
Good night. *Philan*——away —— *Exit.*

1. *Court.* 'Tis early yet ; let's goe on the Queens ſide
And foole a little ; I love to warme my ſelfe
Before I goe to bed, it does beget
Handſome and ſprightly thoughts, and makes
Our dreames halfe ſolid pleaſures.

2. *Court.* Agreed : agreed : *Exeunt.*

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Prince: Conſpiratours.

Ther. COuldſt thou not find out *Ziriff*?

1. *Court.* Not ſpeake with him my Lord; Yet I ſent in by ſeverall men.

Orſ. I wonder *Jolas* meets us not here too.

Ther. 'Tis ſtrange, but let's on now how ere, When Fortunes, honour, life, and all's in doubt Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Excurſions: The Guard upon them.

Ther. Betrai'd! betraid!

Orſ. Shift for your ſelfe Sir, and let us alone, Wee will ſecure your way, and make our own. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lords.

King. Follow Lords, and ſee quick execution done, Leave not a man alive. Who treads on fire, and does not put it out, Diſperſes feare in many ſparks of doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conſpirators, and the Guard upon them.

Ors. Stand friends, an equall party—*(Fight.)* *Three of the Conſpirators fall, & three of the Kings ſide: Orſames & Philan kil the reſt. They throw of their diſguiſes.*

Ph. Brave *Orſames*, 'tis pleaſure to die neer thee.

Orſ. Talke not of dying *Philan*, we will live, And ſerve the noble Prince agen; we are alone, Off then with thy diſguiſe, & throw it in the buſhes; Quick, quick; befor the torrent comes upon us: We ſhal be ſtreight good ſubjects, & I deſpair not Of reward for this nights ſervice: ſo.—— Wee two now kill'd our friends! 'tis hard, But 'tmuſt be ſo.

Enter Ariaſpes, Jolas, *two Courtiers, part of the Guard.*

Ari. Follow! Follow!

Orſ. Yes; ſo you may now, y'are not likely to overtake.

Jol.

Jol. *Orſames*, and *Philan*, how came you hither?
Orſ. The neereſt way it ſeems, you follow'd (thank you)
As if 'thad been through quickſets:
Jol. 'Sdeath have they all eſcap'd?
Orſ. Not all, two of them we made ſure;
But they coſt deare, looke here elſe.
Ari. Is the Prince there?
Phi. They are both Princes I thinke, (*vizors.*
They fought like Princes I am ſure. Jolas *pulls off the*
Jol. *Stephines*, and *Odîris*——we trifle.
Which way tooke the reſt?
Orſ. Two of them are certainly here abouts.
Ari. Upon my life they ſwam the river;
Some ſtreight to horſe, and follow o're the bridge;
You and I my Lord will ſearch this place a little better.
Orſ. Your Highneſſe will I hope remember who were
The men were in——
Ari. Oh! fear not, your Miſtreſſe ſhall know y'are valiant.
Orſ. *Philan!* if thou lov'ſt me, let's kill them upon the (place.
Phi. Fie: thou now art wild indeed;
Thou taught'ſt me to be wiſe firſt,
And I will now keep thee ſo.——Follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura *with a Lute.*

The Prince comes and knocks within.

Ther. Madam!
Agl. What wretch is this that thus uſurps
Upon the priviledge of Ghoſts, and walks
At mid-night?
Ther. Aglaura.
Agl. Betray me not
My willing ſenſe too ſoone, yet if that voyce
Be falſe.——
Ther. Open faire Saint, and let me in.
Agl. It is the Prince——
As willingly as thoſe
That cannot ſleep do light; welcome (Sir,) (*Opens.*)
Welcome above.—— *Spies his ſword drawne.*

B'eſſe

Bleſſe me, what means this unſheath'd miniſter of death?
If, Sir, on mee quick Juſtice be to paſſe,
Why this? abſence alas, or ſuch ſtrange lookes
As you now bring with you would kill as ſoone:
Ther. Softly! for I, like a hard hunted Deere,
Have only hearded here; and though the crie
Reach not our eares, yet am I follow'd cloſe:
O my heart! ſince I ſaw thee,
Time has been ſtrangely Active, and begot
A Monſtrous iſſue of unheard of Storie:
Sit; thou ſhalt have it all! nay, ſigh not.
Such blaſts will hinder all the paſſage;
Do'ſt thou remember, how wee parted laſt?
Agl. Can I forget it Sir?
Ther. That word of parting was ill plac'd, I ſweare,
It may be ominous; but do'ſt thou know
Into whoſe hands I gave thee?
Agl. Yes into *Ziriffs* Sir.
Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy brother, brave *Zorannes*
Preſerv'd by miracle in that ſad day
Thy father fell and ſince thus in diſguiſe,
Waiting his juſt revenge.
Agl. You doe amaze me, Sir.
Ther. And muſt doe more, when I tell all the ſtorie.
The King, the jealous King, knew of the marriage,
And when thou thought'ſt thy ſelfe by my direction,
Thou wert his Priſoner;
Unleſſe I would renounce all right,
And ceaſe to love thee, (ô ſtrange, and fond requeſt!)
Immur'd thou muſt have been in ſome ſad place,
And lockt for ever, from *Therſames* ſight.
For ever — and that unable to indure
This night, I did attempt his life.
Agl. Was it well done Sir?
Ther. O no! extremely ill!
For to attempt and not to act was poore:
Here the dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Souldiers)

Leaves the ſide 'twas on, to joyne with power,
Royall villany now will looke ſo like to Juſtice,
That the times to come, and curious poſteritie,
Will find no difference: weep'ſt thou *Aglaura?*
Come, to bed my Love!
And wee will there mock Tyrannie, and Fate,
Thoſe ſofter houres of pleaſure, and delight,
That like ſo many ſingle Pearles, ſhould have
Adorn'd our thread of life, wee will at once,
By Loves myſterious power, and this nights help
Contract to one, and make but one rich draught
Of all.

Agl. What meane you Sir?

Ther. To make my ſelfe incapable of miſerie,
By taking ſtrong preſervative of happineſſe:
I would this night injoy thee:

Agl. Doe: Sir, doe what you will with mee,
For I am too much yours, to deny the right
How ever claim'd—but—

Ther. But what *Aglaura?*

Agl. Gather not roſes in a wet and frowning houre,
They'll loſe their ſweets then, truſt me they will Sir.
What pleaſure can Love take to play his game out,
When death muſt keep the Stakes— *A noiſe without.*
Hark Sir—grave-bringers, and laſt minutes are at hand,
Hide, hide your ſelfe, for Loves ſake hide your ſelfe.

Ther. As ſoon the Sunne may hide himſelfe, as I.
The Prince of *Perſia* hide himſelfe?

Agl. O talke not Sir; the Sunne does hide himſelfe
When night and blackneſſe comes— (then;

Ther. Never ſweet Ignorance, he ſhines in th'other world
And ſo ſhall I, if I fet here in glorie:
Enter *Opens the doore, enter* Ziriff.
Yee haſtie ſeekers of life.
Sorannez.—

Agl. My brother!
If all the joy within mee come not out,

To

To give a welcome to ſo deare an object,
Excuſe it Sir; ſorrow locks up all doores.
Zir. If there be ſuch a Toy about you, Siſter,
Keep't for your ſelfe, or ſend it to the Prince;
There is a dearth of that Commoditie,
And you have made it Sir. Now
What is the next mad thing you meane to doe?
Will you ſtay here? when all the Court's beſet
Like to a wood at a great hunt and buſie miſchiefe haſtes
To be in view, and have you in her power——
Ther. To mee all this——
For great griefe's deafe as well as it is dumbe,
And drives no trade at all with Counſell: (Sir)
Why doe you not Tutor one that has the Plague,
And ſee if he will feare an after ague fit;
Such is all miſchiefe now to me; there is none left
Is worth a thought. death is the worſt I know,
And that compar'd to ſhame, does look more lovely now
Than a chaſte Miſtreſſe, ſet by common woman——
And I muſt court it Sir? (our ſelves?
Zir. No wonder if that heav'n forſake us when we leave
What is there done ſhould feed ſuch high deſpaire?
Were you but ſafe——
Agl. Deare (Sir) be rul'd,
If love, be love, and magick too,
(As ſure it is where it is true;)
Wee then ſhall meet in abſence, and in ſpight
Of all divorce, freely enjoy together,
What niggard Fate thus peevi[ſ]hly denies.
Ther. Yea but if pleaſures be themſelves but dreames,
What then are the dreames of theſe to men?
That monſter, Expectation, will devoure
All that [i]s within our hope or power,
And e're we once can come to ſhew, how rich
We are, we ſhall be poore,
Shall we not *Soranne*z?
Zir. I underſtand not this,

In times of envious penurie (such as these are)
To keepe but love alive is faire, we should not thinke
Of feasting him: come (Sir)
Here in these lodgings is a little doore,
That leads unto another; that againe,
Unto a vault, that has his passage under
The little river, opening into the wood;
From thence 'tis but some few minutes easie businesse
Unto a Servants house of mine (who for his faith
And honestie, hereafter must
Looke big in Storie) there you are safe however;
And when this Storme has met a little calme,
What wild desire dares whisper to it selfe,
You may enjoy, and at the worst may steale:
Ther. What shall become of thee *Aglaura* then?
Shall I leave thee their rages sacrifice?
And like dull Seamen threatned with a storme,
Throw all away I have, to save my selfe?
Agl. Can I be safe when you are not? my Lord?
Knowes love in us divided happinesse?
Am I the safer for your being here?
Can you give that you have not for your selfe?
My innocence is my best guard, and that your stay
Betraying it unto suspition, takes away.
If you did love mee?— (*Kisses her.*
Ther. Grows that in question? then 'tis time to part:—
When we shall meet again Heav'n onely knowes,
And when wee shall I know we shall be old:
Love does not calculate the common way,
Minutes are houres there, and the houres are dayes,
Each day's a yeare, and every yeare an age;
What will this come to thinke you?
Zir. Would this were all the ill,
For these are pretty little harmlesse nothings;
Times horse runs full as fast hard borne and curb'd,
As in his full carreere loose-rain'd and spurr'd:
Come, come, let's away.

her.

Ther. Happineſſe, ſuch as men loſt in miſerie
Would wrong in naming, 'tis ſo much above them,
All that I want of it all you deſerve,
Heav'n ſend you in my abſence.

Agl. And miſerie ſuch as wittie malice would
Lay out in curſes, on the thing it hates,
Heav'n ſend me in the ſtead if when y'are gone
I welcome it but for your take alone.——*Exeunt.*

Leads him out, & enters up out of the vault.

Zir. Stir not from hence, Sir, til you hear from me
So goodnight deare Prince.

Ther. Goodnight deere friend.

Zir. When we meet next all this will but advance——
Joy never feaſts ſo high,
As when the firſt courſe is of miſerie. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter three or foure Courtiers.

1 *Court.* BY this light—— a brave Prince,
He made no more of the Guard, than they
Would of a Taylor on a Maske night, that has refus'd
Truſting before.

2 *Court.* Hee's as Active as he is valiant too;
Did'ſt mark him how he ſtood like all the points
O'th' Compaſſe, and as good Pictures,
Had his eyes, towards every man.

3 *Court.* And his ſword too,
All th'other ſide walk up and down the Court now,
As if they had loſt their way, and ſtare,
Like Grey-hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1 *Court.* Right.
And have more troubles about'em
Than a Serving-man that has forgot his meſſage
When he's come upon the place.——

2 *Court.* Yonder's the King within chafing, & ſwearing
Like an old Falconer upon the firſt flight
Of a young Hawke, when ſome Clowne
Has taken away the quarrie from her;
And all the Lords ſtand round about him,
As if he were to be baited, with much more feare,
And at much more diſtance, (time:
Than a Countrey Gentlewoman ſees the Lions the firſt
Look: he's broke looſe.

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him; or by *Oſiris* ſeiſe, you all are Traitours;
And equally ſhall pay to Juſtice; a ſingle man,
And guiltie too, breake through you all!

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Confidence!
(Thou paint of women, and the Stateſ-mans wiſdome,
Valour

Valour for Cowards, and of the guilties Innocence,)
Assist me now.
Sir, send these Starers off:
I have some businesse will deserve your privacie.
King. Leave us.
Jol. How the villaine swells upon us?—*Exeunt.*
Zir. Not to punish thought,
Or keepe it long upon the wrack of doubt,
Know Sir,
That by corruption of the waiting woman,
The common key of secrets, I have found
The truth at last, and have discover'd all:
The Prince your Sonne was by *Aglaura*'s meanes,
Convey'd last night unto the Cypresse Grove,
Through a close vault that opens in the lodgings:
Hee does intend to joyne with *Carimania*,
But e're he goes, resolves to finish all
The rites of Love, and this night meanes
To steale what is behind.
King. How good is Heav'n unto mee!
That when it gave me Traitours for my Subjects,
Would lend me such a Servant!
Zir. How just (Sir) rather,
That would bestow this Fortune on the poore.
And where your bountie had made debt so infinite
That it grew desperate, their hope to pay it—
King. Enough of that, thou do'st but gently chide
Me for a fault, that I will mend; for I
Have been too poore, and low in my rewards
Unto thy vertue: but to our businesse;
The question is, whether we shall rely
Upon our Guards agen?
Zir. By no meanes Sir:
Hope on his future fortunes, or their Love
Unto his person, has so sicklied o're
Their resolutions, that we must not trust them.
Besides, it were but needlesse here;

Hee paſſes through the vault alone, and I
My ſelfe durſt undertake that buſineſſe,
If that were all, but there is ſomething elſe,
This accident doth prompt my zeale to ſerve you in.
I know you love *Aglaura* (Sir) with paſſion,
And would enjoy her; I know beſides
Shee loves him ſo that whoſoe're ſhall bring
The tidings of his death, muſt carrie back
The newes of hers, ſo that your Juſtice (Sir)
Muſt rob your hope: but there is yet a way ——
King. Here! take my heart; for I have hitherto
Too vainly ſpent the treaſure of my love,
I'le have it coyn'd ſtreight into friendſhip all,
And make a preſent to thee.
Zir. If any part of this rich happineſſe.
(Fortune prepares now for you) ſhall owe it ſelfe
Unto my weake endeavours, I have enough,
Aglaura without doubt this night expects
The Prince, and why
You ſhould not then ſupply his place by ſtealth,
And in diſguiſe ——
King. I apprehend thee *Ziriff*,
But there's difficultie ——
Zir. Who trades in love muſt be an adventurer, (Sir)
But here is ſcarce enough to make the pleaſure dearer:
I know the Cave; your Brother and my ſelfe
With *Iolas*, (for thoſe w'are ſure doe hate him,)
With ſome few choſen more betimes will wait
The Princes paſſing through the vault; if hee
Comes firſt, hee's dead; and if it be your ſelfe,
Wee will conduct you to the chamber doore,
And ſtand 'twixt you and danger afterwards.
King. I have conceiv'd of joy, and am grown great:
Till I have ſafe deliverance time's a cripple
And goes on crutches.—— as for thee my *Ziriff*,
I doe here entertaine a friendſhip with thee,
Shall drowne the memorie of all patternes paſt;

Wee will oblige by turnes; and that so thick,
And fast, that curious studiers of it,
Shall not once dare to cast it up, or say
By way of these, whether thou or I
Remaine the debtors, when wee come to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Orsames, *Lords and Ladies.*

Ori. Is the Queen ready to come out?
Phi. Not yet sure, the Kings brother is but newly entred;
Sem. Come my Lord, the Song then.
Ori. The Song.
Orſ. A vengeance take this love, it spoyles a voyce
Worse than the losing of a maiden-head.
I have got such a cold with rising
And walking in my shirt a nights, that
A Bittorne whooping in a reed is better musicke.
Ori. This modestie becomes you as ill, my Lord,
As wooing would us women; pray, put's not to't.
Orſ. Nay Ladies, you shall finde mee,
As free as the Musicians of the woods
Themselves; what I have, you shall not need to call for.
Nor shall it cost you any thing.

SONG

SONG.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover?
Prithee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevaile?
Prithee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doo't?
Prithee why ſo mute?

Quit, quit, for ſhame, this will not move
This cannot take her;
If of her ſelfe ſhee will not Love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devill take her.

Ori. I ſhould have gheſt, it had been the iſſue of
Your braine, if I had not been told ſo;
Orſ. A little fooliſh counſell (Madam) I gave a friend
Of mine ſcure or five yeares agoe, when he was
Falling into a Conſumption. —
Enter Queene.
Orb. Which of all you have ſeene the faire priſoner
Since ſhee was confinde?
Sem. I have Madam.
Orb. And how behaves ſhee now her ſelfe?
Sem. As one that had intrench'd ſo deepe in Innocence,
Shee fear'd no enemies, beares all quietly,
And ſmiles at Fortune, whil'ſt ſhee frownes on her
Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the beautie lies

That

That thus inflames the royall bloud? (them

Ori. Faces, Madam, are like bookes, thoſe that do ſtudy
Know beſt, and to ſay truth, 'tis ſtill
Much as it pleaſes the Courteous Reader.

Orb. Theſe Lovers ſure are like Aſtronomers,
That when the vulgar eye diſcovers, but
A Skie above, ſtudded with ſome few ſtars,
Finde out beſides ſtrange fiſhes, birds, and beaſts.

Sem. As men in ſickneſſe ſcorch'd into a raving
Doe ſee the Devill, in all ſhapes and formes,
When ſtanders by wondring, aske where, and when;
So they in Love, for all's but feaver there,
And madneſſe too.

Orb. That's too ſevere *Semanthe*;
But we will have your reaſons in the parke;
Are the doores open through the Gardens?

Lo. The King has newly led the way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaſpes: Ziriff, *with a warrant ſealed.*

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant, *Ziriff*: I ſhall die with joy.

Zir. I muſt confeſſe my Lord; had but the Princes ills
Prov'd ſleight, and not thus dangerous,
Hee ſhould have ow'd to me, at leaſt I would
Have laid a claime unto his ſafetie; and
Like Phyſicians, that doe challenge right
In Natures cures, look'd for reward and thanks;
But ſince 'twas otherwiſe, I thought it beſt
To ſave my ſelfe, and then to ſave the State.

Ari. 'Twas wiſely done.

Zir. Safely I'me ſure, my Lord! you know 'tis not
Our cuſtome, where the Kings diſlike, once ſwells to hate,
There to ingage our ſelves; Court friendſhip
Is a Cable, that in ſtormes is ever cut,
And I made bold with it; here is the warrant ſeal'd
And for the execution of it, if you thinke
We are not ſtrong enough, we may have
Iolas, for him the King did name.

Ari.

Ari. And him I would have named.

Zir. But is hee not too much the Prince's (Sir?)

Ari. Hee is as lights in Sceanes at Maſques,
What glorious ſhew ſo e're he makes without,
I that ſet him there, know why, and how; *Enter* Jo'as.
But here he is.——
Come *Jolas*; and ſince the Heav'ns decreed,
The man whom thou ſhould'ſt envie, ſhould be ſuch,
That all men elſe muſt doo't; be not aſham'd
Thou once wert guiltie of it;
But bleſſe them, that they give thee now a meanes,
To make a friendſhip with him and vouchſafe
To find thee out a way to love, where well
Thou couldſt not hate.

Jol. What meanes my Lord?

Ari. Here, here he ſtands that has preſerv'd us all!
That ſacrific'd unto a publique good,
(The deareſt private good we mortalls have)
Friendſhip: gave into our armes the Prince,
When nothing but the ſword (perchance a ruine)
Was left to doe it.

Jol. How could I chide my love, and my ambition now,
That thruſt me upon ſuch a quarrell? here I doe vow——

Zir. Hold doe not vow my Lord, let it deſerve it firſt;
And yet (if Heav'n bleſſe honeſt mens intents)
'Tis not Impoſſible. (lars,
My Lord, you will be pleas'd to informe him in particu-
I muſt be gone.——
The King I feare already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay——the houre and place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras walke;
I will not faile you there. *Goes out returns back again.*
I had forgot:——
'Tmay be, the ſmall remainder of thoſe loſt men
That were of the conſpiracie, will come along with him:
'Twere beſt to have ſome choſen of the Guard

within

Within our call —— *Exit* Ziriff.

Ari. Honeſt, and carefull *Ziriff*: Jolas *ſtands muſing.*
How now Planet ſtrooke?

Iol. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the world,

Ari. Shallow man ſhort ſighteder than Travellers in miſts,
Or women that outlive themſelves; do'ſt thou not ſee,
That whil'ſt hee does prepare a Tombe with one hand
For his friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himſelfe?

Iol. How ſo?

Ari. Do'ſt thinke hee ſhall not feele the weight of this,
As well as poore *Therſames*?

Iol. Shall wee then kill him too at the ſame inſtant?

Ari. And ſay, the Prince made an unluckie thruſt.

Iol. Right.

Ari. Dull, dull, he muſt not dye ſo uſeleſly.
As when we wipe off filth from any place,
We throw away the thing that made it cleane,
So this once done, hee's gone.
Thou know'ſt the People love the Prince, to their rage
Something the State muſt offer up; who fitter
Than thy rivall and my enemy?

Iol. Rare! our witneſſe will be taken.

Ari. Piſh! let me alone.
The Giants that made mountaines ladders,
And thought to take great *Iove* by force, were fooles:
Not hill on hill, but plot on plot, does make
Us ſit above, and laugh at all below us. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura *and a Singing Boy.*

Boy. Madam 'twill make you melancholly,
I'le ſing the *Prince's* Song that's ſad enough.

Agl. What you will Sir.

SONG.

NO, no, faire Heretique, it needs muſt bee
But an ill Love in mee,
And worſe for thee.

For were it in my Power,
To love thee now this hower,
More than I did the laſt;

I would then ſo fall,
I might not Love at all;

Love that can flow, and can admit increaſe,
Admitts as well an Ebb, and may grow leſſe.

2

True Love is ſtil the ſame; the torrid Zones,
And thoſe more frigid ones,
It muſt not know:

For Love growne cold or hot,
Is Luſt, or Friendſhip, not
The thing wee have;

For that's a flame would die,
Held downe, or up to high:

Then think I love more than I can expreſſe,
And would love more, could I but love thee leſſe.

Agl. Leave mee! for to a Soule, ſo out of Tune,
As mine is now; nothing is harmony:
When once the maine-ſpring, *Hope*, is falne into
Diſorder; no wonder, if the leſſer wheeles,
Deſire, and *Ioy*, ſtand ſtill; my thoughts like *Bees*

When

When they have loſt their King, wander
Confuſedly up and downe, and ſettle no where.

Enter Orithie.

Orithie. flie! flie the roome,
As thou would'ſt ſhun the habitations
Which Spirits haunt, or where thy nearer friends
Walk after death; here is not only Love,
But Loves plague too —— misfortune; and ſo high,
That it is ſure infectious! (than you,

Ori. Madam, ſo much more miſerable am I this way
That ſhould I pitie you, I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
My ſufferings are ſuch, that with leſſe patience
You may indure your owne, than give mine Audience.
There is that difference, that you may make
Yours none at all, but by conſidering mine!

Agl. O ſpeake them quickly then! the marriage day
To Paſſionate Lovers never was more welcome,
Than any kinde of eaſe would be to mee now.

Ori. Could they be ſpoke, they wre not then ſo great.
I love, and dare not ſay I love; dare not hope,
What I deſire; yet ſtiil too muſt deſire ——
And like a ſtarving man brought to a feaſt,
And made ſay grace, to what he nere ſhall taſte,
Be thankfull after all, and kiſſe the hand,
That made the wound thus deepe.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjuſt ſcales,
Thou took'ſt the weight of our miſ-fortunes,
Be thine owne Judge now.
Thou mourn'ſt for loſſe of that thou never hadſt,
Or if thou hadſt a loſſe, it never was
Of a *Therſames.*
Would'ſt thou not thinke a Merchant mad, *Orithie*?
If thou ſhouldſt ſee him weepe, and teare his haire,
Becauſe hee brought not both the Indies home?
And wouldſt not thinke his ſorrowes very juſt,
If having fraught his ſhip with ſome rich Treaſure,
Hee ſunke i'th' very Port? This is our caſe.

Ori.

Ori. And doe you thinke there is ſuch odds in it?
Would Heaven we women could as eaſily change
Our fortunes as ('tis ſaid) we can our minds.
I cannot (Madam) thinke them miſerable,
That have the Princes Love.

Agl. Hee is the man then——
Bluſh not *Orithie*, 'tis a ſinne to bluſh
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of rivalſhip without
A jealouſie—— nay ſhall be glad of it:
Wee two will ſit, and thinke, and think and ſigh,
And ſigh, and talke of love——and of *Therſames*.
Thou ſhalt be praiſing of his wit, while I
Admire he governes it ſo well:
Like this thing, ſaid thus, th'other thing thus done,
And in good language him for theſe adore,
While I want words to doo't, yet doe it more.
Thus will wee doe, till death it ſelfe ſhall us
Divide, and then whoſe fate 'tſhall be to die
Firſt of the two, by legacie ſhall all
Her love bequeath, and give her ſtock to her
That ſhall ſurvive; for no one ſtock can ſerve.
To love *Therſames* ſo as he'll deſerve.

Enter King, Ziriff.

King. What have we here impoſſibilitie?
A conſtant night, and yet within the roome
That, that can make the day before the Sunne?
Silent *Aglaura* too?

Agl. I know not what you ſay:
Is't to your pitie, or your ſcorne, I owe
The favour of this viſit (Sir?) for ſuch
My fortune is, it doth deſerve them both:

King. And ſuch thy beauty is, that it makes good
All Fortunes, ſorrow lookes lovely here;
And there's no man, that would not entertaine
His griefes as friends, were he but ſure they'd ſhew
No worſe upon him—— but I forget my ſelfe,

I

I came to chide.

Agl. If I have ſinn'd ſo high, that yet my puniſhment
Equalls not my crime,
Doe Sir; I ſhould be loth to die in debt
To Juſtice, how ill ſoe're I paid
The ſcores of Love.——

King. And thoſe indeed thou haſt but paid indifferently
To me, I did deſerve at leaſt faire death,
Not to be murthered thus in private:
That was too cruell, Miſtreſſe.
And I doe know thou do'ſt repent, and wilt
Yet make me ſatisfaction:

Agl. What ſatisfaction Sir?
I am no monſter, never had two hearts;
One is by holy vowes anothers now,
And could I give it you, you would not take it,
For 'tis alike impoſſible for mee,
To love againe, as you love Perjurie.
O Sir! conſider, what a flame love is.
If by rude meanes you thinke to force a light,
That of it ſelfe it would not freely give,
You blow it out, and leave your ſelfe i'th' darke.
The Prince once gone, you may as well perſwade
The light to ſtay behinde, when the Sun poſts
To th'other world as mee; alas! wee two,
Have mingled ſoules more than two meeting brooks;
And whoſoever is deſign'd to be
The murtherer of my Lord, (as ſure there is,
Has anger'd heav'n ſo farre, that 'tas decreed
Him to encreaſe his puniſhment that way)
Would he but ſearch the heart, when he has done,
Hee there would find *Aglaura* murther'd too.

King. Thou haſt o'recome me, mov'd ſo handſomely
For pitie, that I will diſ-inherit
The elder brother, and from this houre be
Thy Convert, not thy Lover.——
Ziriff, diſpatch away——

And he that brings newes of the Prince's welfare,
Looke that he have the ſame reward, we had decreed
To him, brought tidings of his death.
'Tmuſt be a buſie and bold hand, that would
Unlinke a chaine the Gods themſelves have made:
Peace to thy thoughts: *Aglaura*— *Exit.*

Ziriff *ſteps back and ſpeakes.*

Zir. What e're he ſayes beleeve him not *Aglaura*:
For luſt and rage ride high within him now:
He knowes *Therſames* made th'eſcape from hence,
And does conceale it only for his ends:
For by the favour of miſtake and night,
He hopes t'enjoy thee in the Prince's roome;
I ſhall be miſt — elſe I would tell thee more;
But thou mayeſt gheſſe, for our condition
Admits no middle wayes, either we muſt
Send them to Graves, or lie our ſelves in duſt— *Exit.*

Aglaura *ſtands ſtill and ſtudies.*

Agl. Ha! 'tis a ſtrange Act thought puts me now upon;
Yet ſure my brother meant the ſelfe-ſame thing,
And my *Therſames* would have done 't for me:
To take his life that ſeekes to take away
The life of Life, (honour from me;) and from
The world, the life of honour, *Therſames*;
Muſt needs be ſomething ſure, of kin to Juſtice.
If I doe faile, th'attempt howe're was brave,
And I ſhall have at worſt a handſome grave— *Exit.*

Enter Jolas, Semanthe.

Semanthe *ſteps backe*, Jolas *ſtayes her.*

Jol. What? are we growne, *Semanthe*, night and day?
Muſt one ſtill vaniſh when the other comes?
Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
(And 'thas been fruitfull too) this is
The ſtrangeſt iſſue.—

Sem. What my Lord?

Jol. Hate *Semanthe.*

Sem. You doe miſtake, if I doe ſhun you, 'tis,

As bashfull Debtors shun their Creditors,
I cannot pay you in the selfe-same coyne,
And am asham'd to offer any other.
Iol. It is ill done *Semanthe*, to plead bankrupt,
When with such ease you may be out of debt;
In loves dominions, native commoditie
Is currant payment, change is all the Trade,
And heart for heart the richest merchandize. (prove
Sem. 'Twould here be mean my Lord since mine would
In your hands but a Counterfeit, and yours in mine
Worth nothing; Sympathy, not greatnesse,
Makes those Jewells rise in value.
Iol. Sympathy! ô teach but yours to love then,
And two so rich no morrall ever knew.
Sem. That heart would Love but ill that must be taught,
Such fires as these still kindle of themselves.
Iol. In such a cold, and frozen place as is
Thy breast? how should they kindle of themselves
Semanthe?
Sem. Aske how the Flint can carrie fire within?
'Tis the least miracle that Love can doe:
Iol. Thou art thy selfe the greatest miracle,
For thou art faire to all perfection,
And yet do'st want the greatest part of beautie,
Kindnesse; thy crueltie (next to thy selfe)
Above all things on earth takes up my wonder.
Sem. Call not that crueltie, which is our fate,
Beleeve me *Iolas* the honest Swaine
That from the brow of some steepe cliffe far off,
Beholds a ship labouring in vaine against
The boysterous and unruly Elements, ne're had
Lesse power, or more desire to help than I;
At every sigh, I die, and every looke,
Does move; and any passion you will have
But Love, I have in store: I will be angrie,
Quarrell with destinie and with my selfe
That 'tis no better; be melancholy;

And (though mine owne diſaſters well might plead
To be in chiefe,) yours only ſhall have place,
I'le pitie, and (if that's too low) I'le grieve,
As for my ſinnes, I cannot give you eaſe;
All this I doe, and this I hope will prove
'Tis greater Torment not to love, than Love.— *Exit.*

Iol. So periſhing Sailours pray to ſtormes,
And ſo they heare agen. So men
With death about them, looke on Phyſitians that
Have given them o're, and ſo they turne away:
Two fixed Stars that keep a conſtant diſtance,
And by lawes made with themſelves muſt know
No motion excentrick, may meet as ſoone as wee:
The anger that the fooliſh Sea does ſhew,
When it does brave it out, and rore againſt
A ſtubborne rock that ſtill denies it paſſage,
Is not ſo vaine and fruitleſſe, as my prayers.
Yee mighty Powers of Love and Fate where is
Your Juſtice here? It is thy part (fond Boy)
When thou do'ſt find one wounded heart, to make
The other ſo, but if thy Tyranny
Be ſuch, that thou willt leave one breaſt to hate,
If we muſt live, and this ſurvive
How much more cruell's Fate? — *Exit.*

ACTVS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaſpes, Iolas.

Iol. A Glorious night!
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove ſo.
Are wee not there yet?
Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *Enter the Cave.*
Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th'enheritance of night;
Are we not miſtaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And ſtept into ſome melancholy Devils Territorie?
Sure 'tis a part of the firſt *Chaos*,
That would endure no change.
Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our purpoſe,
As the Lobbie for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'le move a little backward,
And ſo we ſhall be ſure to put him paſt
Retreat: you know the word if't be the prince. *(Goes to the*
Enter King. *mouth of the Cave.*
Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.—
King. Hee is not come then?
Zir. No.
King. Where's *Ariaſpes*?
Zir. Waiting within. *He leads him on ſteps behind*
Iol. I do not like this waiting, *him gives the falſe*
Nor this fellowes leaving us. *word they kill the king.*
Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine owne nature too, as jealous
As either Love, or Honor: Come weare thy ſword in rea-
And thinke how neere we are a Crowne. (dineſſe,
Zir. Revenge!
So let's drag him to the light, and ſearch
His pockets, there may be papers there that will

And (though mine owne diſaſters well might plead
To be in chiefe,) yours only ſhall have place,
I'le pitie, and (if that's too low) I'le grieve,
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And thinke how neere we are a Crowne. (dineſſe,
Zir. Revenge!
So let's drag him to the light, and ſearch
His pockets, there may be papers there that will

Diſcover the reſt of the Conſpiratours.
Iolas, your hand—— *Draw him out.*
Iol. Whom have we here? the King!
Zir. Yes and *Zorannes* too. Illo! hoe!—— *Enter* Paſithas
Unarme them. *and others.*
D'ee ſtare?
This for my Fathers injuries & mine: *Points to the King's*
Halfe Love, halfe Duties Sacrifice, *dead body.*
This--for the noble Prince, an offering to friendſhip: *(runs at* Iolas.
Iol. Baſely! and tamely—— *Dies.*
Ari. What haſt thou done?
Zir. Nothing——kill'd a Traytour,
So—— away with them, and leave us,
Paſithas be onely you in call.
Ari. What do'ſt thou pawſe?
Haſt thou remorſe already murtherer?
Zir. No foole: 'tis but a difference I put
Betwixt the crimes: *Orbella* is our quarrell;
And I doe hold it fit, that love ſhould have
A nobler way of Juſtice, than Revenge
Or Treaſon; follow me out of the wood,
And thou ſhalt be Maſter of this againe: *(ages.*
And then, beſt arme and title take it. *They go out & enter*
There—— *Gives him his Sword.*
Ari. Extreamly good! Nature tooke paines I ſweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handſomely.
Zir. 'Twas Fate that tooke it, when it decreed
Wee two ſhould meet, nor ſhall they mingle now
Wee are brought together ſtrait to part.—— *Fight.*
Ari. Some Devill ſure has borrowed this ſhape. *Pauſe.*
My Sword ne're ſtay'd thus long to find an entrance.
Zir. To guiltie men, all that appeares is Devill,
Come Trifler, come.—— *Fight againe*, Ariaſpes *falls.*
Ari. Whither, whither, thou fleeting Coward life?
Bubble of Time. Natures ſhame, ſtay; a little, ſtay!
Till I have look'd my ſelfe into revenge,
And ſtar'd this Traytour to a carkaſſe firſt.

—It will not be: — *Falls.*
The Crowne, the Crowne, too
Now is loſt, for ever loſt—oh! —
Ambition's, but an *Ignis fatuus*, I ſee
Miſleading fond mortalitie,
That hurries us about, and ſets us downe
Juſt—where—wee—firſt—begun— *Diet.*

Zir. What a great ſpreading mightie thing this was,
And what a nothing now? how ſoone poore man
Vaniſhes into his noone-tide ſhadow?
But hopes o're fed have ſeldom better done:—*(Hollows.)*
Take up this lump of vanity, and honour, *Enter* Paſithas.
And carry it the back way to my lodging,
There may be uſe of Stateſ-men, when th'are dead:
So.—for the Cittadell now, for in ſuch times
As theſe, when the unruly multitude
Is up in ſwarmes, and no man knowes which way
They'll take, 'tis good to have retreat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſames.

Ther. The Dog-ſtar's got up high, it ſhould be late:
And ſure by this time every waking eare,
And watchfull eye is charm'd; and yet me thought
A noyſe of weapons ſtruck my eare juſt now.
'Twas but my fancie ſure, and were it more,
I would not tread on ſtep, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, ſtood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands;
Danger! thou Dwarfe dreſt up in Giants clothes,
That ſhew'ſt farre off, ſtill greater than thou art:
Goe, terrifie the ſimple, and the guiltie, ſuch
As with falſe Opticks, ſtill doe looke upon thee.
But fright not Lovers, wee dare looke on thee
In thy worſt ſhape, and meet thee in them too.
Stay—Theſe trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts,
—Love guide me but right this night,
And Lovers ſhall reſtore thee back againe
Thoſe eyes the Poets tooke ſo boldly from thee. *Exit*

Aglaura *with a torch in one hand and a dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand, how much the worse
This ſuits with this, one of the two ſhould goe.
The ſhee within mee ſayes, it muſt be this——
Honor ſayes this —— and honour is *Therſames* friend.
What is that ſhee then? it is not a thing
That ſets a Price not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if wee
Doe flie, oretakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamie, or both doth ſeize us.—— *Puts out the light.*
Ha! —— would 'twere in agen.
Antiques and ſtrange miſhapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne're acquainted with, Fancie lets in,
Like a diſtracted multitude, by ſome ſtrange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afreſh comes on,
And charges Love to home.
——Hee comes —— he comes——
Woman, if thou would'ſt be the Subject of mans wonder,
Not his ſcorne hereafter, now ſhew thy ſelfe.
Enter Prince riſing from the vault, ſhe ſtabs him two or three times, hee falls ſhe goes back to her chamber.
Sudden and fortunate.
My better Angell ſure did both infuſe
A ſtrength, and did direct it. *Enter* Ziriff.
Zir. Aglaura!
Agl. Brother ——
Zir. The ſame.
So ſlow to let in ſuch a long'd for Gueſt?
Muſt Joy ſtand knocking Sifter? come, prepare,
Prepare. ——
The King of *Perſia's* comming to you ſtrait!
The King —— marke that. (you,
Agl. I thought how poore the Joyes you brought with
Were

Were in reſpect of thoſe that were with me:
Joyes, are our hopes ſtript of their feares,
And ſuch are mine; for know, deare Brother,
The King is come already, and is gone — marke that.
Zir. Is this inſtinct, or riddle? what King? how gone?
Agl. The Cave will tell you more —
Zir. Some ſad miſtake — thou haſt undone us all. *Goes out,*
The Prince! the Prince! cold as the bed of earth *enters haſtily againe.*
He lies upon, as ſenſleſſe too; death hangs
Upon his lips.
Like an untimely froſt, upon an early Cherrie;
The noble Gueſt, his Soule, tooke it ſo ill
That you ſhould uſe his old Acquaintance ſo,
That neither pray'rs, nor teares, can e're perſwade
Him back againe. — Aglaura *ſwounes: rubs her.*
Hold hold! wee cannot ſure part thus!
Sifter! *Aglaura! Therſames* is not dead,
It is the Prince that calls —
Agl. The Prince, where? —
Tell me, or I will ſtrait goe back againe,
Into thoſe groves of Geſſemine, thou took'ſt me from,
And finde him out, or loſe my ſelfe for ever.
Zir. For ever. — I: there's it!
For in thoſe Groves thou talk'ſt of,
There are ſo many by-wayes, and odd turnings,
Leading unto ſuch wild and diſmall places,
That ſhould we goe without a guide, or ſtir
Before Heav'n calls, 'tis ſtrongly to be feared
We there ſhould wander up and downe for ever,
And be benighted to eternitie. —
Agl. Benighted to eternitie? — What's that?
Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to eternitie;
To ſit i'th' darke, and doe I know not what;
Unriddle at our owne ſad coſt and charge,
The doubts the learned here doe onely move —
Agl. What place have murtherers brother there? for ſure
The murtherer of the Prince muſt have

A puniſhment that Heaven is yet to make.—
Zir. How is religion fool'd betwixt our loves,
And feares? poore Girle, for ought that thou haſt done,
Thy Chaplets may be faire and flouriſhing,
As his in the *Elyſium*:
Agl. Doe you thinke ſo?
Zir. Yes, I doe thinke ſo.
The juſter Judges of our Actions,
Would they have been ſevere upon
Our weakneſſes,
Would (ſure) have made us ſtronger.—
Fie! thoſe teares
A Bride upon the marriage day as properly
Might ſhed as thou, here widowes doo't
And marrie next day after:
To ſuch a funerall as this, there ſhould be
nothing common—
Wee'll mourne him ſo, that thoſe that are alive
Shall thinke themſelves more buried far than hee;
And wiſh to have his grave, to find his Obſequies: (dies.
But ſtay—the Body. *Brings up the body, ſhe ſwouns and*
Agen! Siſter— *Aglaura*—
O ſpeake once more, once more looke out faire Soule.—
Shee's gone.—
Irrevocably gone.— And winging now the Aire,
Like a glad bird broken from ſome cage:
Poore Bankrupt heart, when 'thad not wherewithall
To pay to ſad diſaſter all that was its due,
It broke— would mine would doe ſo too.
My ſoule is now within mee
Like a well metled Hauke, on a blind Faulk'ners fiſt,
Me thinkes I feele it baiting to be gone:
And yet I have a little fooliſh buſineſſe here
On earth; I will diſpatch:— *Exit.*

Enter Paſithas, *with the body of* Ariaſpes.

Paſ. Let me be like my burthen here, if I had not as lieve kill two of the Bloud-royall for him, as carrie one of

of them; These Gentlemen of high actions are three times as heavie after death, as your private retir'd ones; looke if he be not reduc'd to the state of a Courtier of the second forme now? and cannot stand upon his owne legs, nor doe any thing without helpe, Hum.—— And what's become of the great Prince, in prison as they call it now, the toy within us, that makes us talke, and laugh, and fight, I! why there's it, well, let him be what he will, and where he will, I'le make bold with the old Tenement here. Come Sir——come along:—— *Exit.*

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's fast too, here——
They sleepe to night
I'their winding sheets I thinke, there's such
A generall quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant:
For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age.——
Courting her glasse, I sweare, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shal see trulier what you are. (*Knocks. Ent. the Queen*
Orb. What make you up at this strange houre my Lord?
Zir. My businesse is my boldnesse warrant,
(Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.
Orb. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?
Zir. The King.
Orb. I: what of him? is well is he not?
Zir. Yes.——
If to be free from the great load
Wee sweat and labour under, here on earth
Be to be well, he is.
Orb. Why hee's not dead, is hee?
Zir. Yes Madam, slaine——and the Prince too.
Orb. How? where?
Zir. I know not, but dead they are.
Orb. Dead?

Zir.

Zir. Yes Madam.

Orb. Did'ſt ſee them dead?

Zir. As I ſee you alive.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes, dead.

Orb. Well, we muſt all die;
The Sifters ſpin no cables for us mortalls;
Th'are thred; and Time, and chance——
Truſt me I could weepe now,
But watrie diſtillations doe but ill on graves,
They make the lodging colder. *She knocks.*

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord!
I would conſult and know, what's to be done.

Zir. Madam 'tis not ſo ſafe to raiſe the Court;
Things thus unſetled, if you pleaſe to have——

Orb. Where's *Ariaſpes?*

Zir. In's dead ſleepe by this time I'm ſure,

Orb. I know he is not! find him inſtantly.

Zir. I'm gone,—— *Turnes back againe.*
But Madam why make you choyce of him, from whom
If the ſucceſſion meet diſturbance,
All muſt come of danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet ſo wiſe, as to be jealous;
Pray diſpute no further.

Zir. Pardon me Madam, if before I goe
I muſt unlock a ſecret unto you; ſuch a one
As while the King did breathe durſt know no aire,
Zorannes lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir. And in the hope of ſuch a day as this
Has lingred out a life, ſnatching, to feed
His almoſt famiſh'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a diſguiſe.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they ſay you did,
And doe ſo ſtill; 'tis now within your power!

Orb.

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, If I did love him once
(And 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.
Zir. Excuse it?
Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir.
Zir. Though I confesse I lov'd his father much,
And pitie him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts: I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeale shall stray no further.
Your pardon Madam: *Exit.* *Queen studies.*
Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatnesse, which hee must feare, because he knowes
He hates him: for these great Statesmen,
That when time has made bold with the King & Subject,
Throwing down all fence that stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons comming in with flouds,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.
Enter Ziriff, *and* Pasithas *throwing down the dead body of* Ariaspes.
Orb. Ha! murthered too!
Treason—— treason——
Zir. But such another word, and halfe so loud,
And th'art,——
Orb. Why? thou wilt not murther me too?
Wilt thou villaine?
Zir. I do not know my temper—— *Discovers himselfe.*
Looke here vaine thing, and see thy sins full blowne:
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My selfe almost, for I lay buried Long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principle away:
Had I but staid, and not began revenge

Till

Till thou had'ſt made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have kill'd:
As wantons entring a Garden, take
The firſt faire flower, they meet, and
Treaſure't in their laps.
Then ſeeing more, do make freſh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The firſt poor flower o're-charg'd, with too much weight
Withers, and dies:
So haſt thou dealt with mee,
And having kill'd me firſt, I will kill —
Orb. Hold — hold —
Not for my ſake, but *Orbella*'s (Sir) a bare
And ſingle death is ſuch a wrong to Juſtice,
I muſt needs except againſt it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For death's no puniſhment, it is the ſenſe,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death:
To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have loſt in loſing of my ſelfe;
Are deaths farre worſe than any you can give:
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I ſhall ſo waſh this ſoule of mine with teares,
Make it ſo fine, that you would be afreſh
In love with it, and ſo perchance I ſhould (her head.
Again come to deceive you. *She riſes up weeping, & hanging down*
Zir. So riſes day, bluſhing at nights deformitie:
And ſo the prettie flowers blubber'd with dew,
And ever waſht with raine, hang downe their heads,
I muſt not looke upon her: (*Goes towards him.*)
Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as freſh
As are the Roſes; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to their bluſhes, I ſhould then be bold,
For when they went on begging they were ne're deni'de,
'Tis but a parting kiſſe Sir —
Zir. I dare not grant it. —
Orb. Your hand Sir then, for that's a part I ſhall
Love

Love after death (if after death we love)
'Cause it did right the wrong'd *Zorannes* here——
Steps to him and opens the box of poyson Zorannes *falls.*
Sleepe, sleepe for ever, and forgotten too,
All but thy ills, which may succeeding time
Remember, as the Sea-man does his marks,
To know what to avoyd, may at thy name
All good men start, and bad too, may it prove
Infection to the Aire, that people dying of it (riaspes.
May help to curse thee for me. (*Turnes to the body of* A-
Could I but call thee back as eas'ly now;
But that's a Subject for our teares, not hopes!
There is no piecing Tulips to their stalks,
When they are once divorc'd by a rude hand;
All we can doe is to preserve in water
A little life, and give by couretous Art
What scanted Nature wants Commission for,
That thou shalt have: for to thy memorie
Such Tribute of moyst sorrow I will pay,
And that so purifi'd by love, that on thy grave
Nothing shall grow but Violets & Primroses,
Of which too, some shall be
Of the mysterious number, so that Lovers shall
Come thither not as to a tomb, but to an Oracle. *She knocks, and raises the Court.*
Enter Ladies and Courtiers, as out of their beds.
Orb. Come! come! help me to weep my selfe away,
And melt into a grave, for life is but
Repentance nurse, and will conspire with memorie,
To make my houres my tortures.
Ori. What Scene of sorrow's this? both dead?
Orb. Dead? I! and 'tis but halfe death's triumphs this,
The King and Prince lye somewhere, just
Such empty truncks as these.
Ori. The Prince?
Then in griefes burthen I must beare a part.
Sem. The noble *Ariaspes*——valiant *Ziriff* too.——*Weeps.*
Orb. Weep'st thou for him, fond Prodigall? do'st know

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On

On whom thou ſpend'ſt thy teares ? this is the man
To whom we owe our ills ; the falſe *Zorannes*
Diſguis'd, not loſt; but kept alive, by ſome
Incenſed Power, to puniſh *Perſia* thus :
He would have kill'd me too, but Heav'n was juſt,
And furniſht me with meanes, to make him pay
This ſcore of villanie, e're he could do more.

Enter Paſithas, *ſu-veys the bodyes, ſtre his Maſte-her, and flie-*

Paſ. Were you his murth'rer then?-- Paſithas *runs at her, kill*

Ori. Ah me ! the Queene.—

Sem. How doe you Madam ?

Rub her till ſhe come to he-ſelfe.

Orb. Well,— but I was better, and ſhall—

Sem. Oh ! ſhe is gone for ever.

Enter Lords in their night-gownes, Orſames, Philan.

Orſ. What have we here ?
A Church-yard ? nothing but ſilence and grave ?

Ori. Oh ! here has been (my Lords)
The blackeſt night the *Perſian* world e're knew,
The King and Prince are not themſelves exempt
From this arreſt ; but pale and cold, as theſe,
Have meaſured out their lengths.

Lo. Impoſſible ! which way ?

Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you :
For while the Queene was telling of the Storie,
An unknowne villaine here has hurt her ſo,
That like a ſickly Taper, ſhe but made
One flaſh, and ſo expir'd :

Enter tearing in Paſithas.

Phi. Here he is, but no confeſſion.

Or. Torture muſt force him then :
Though 'Twill indeed, but weakly ſatisfie
To know now they are dead, how they did die.

Phi. Come take the bodies up, and let us all
Goe drowne our ſelves in teares, this maſſacre
Has left ſo torne a State, that 'twill be policie
Aſwell as debt, to weep till we are blinde,
For who would ſee the miſeries behinde ?

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

OVr Play is done, and yours doth now begin:
what different Fancies, people now are in?
How strange, and odd a mingle it would make,
If e're they rise; 'twere possible to take
All votes.—
But as when an authentique Watch is shown,
Each man windes up, and rectifies his owne,
So in our very Judgements; first there sits
A grave Grand Jurie on it of Towne-wits;
And they give up their verdict; then agin
The other Jurie of the Court comes in
(And that's of life and death) for each man sees
That oft condemnes, what th'other Jurie frees:
Some three dayes hence, the Ladies of the Towne
Will come to have a Judgement of their owne:
And after them, their servants; then the Citie,
For that is modest, and is still last wittie.
'Twill be a weeke at least yet e're they have
Resolv'd to let it live, or give't a grave:
Such difficultie, there is to unite
Opinion; or bring it to be right.

Epilogue for the Court.

SIR:

THat th' abusing of your eare's a crime,
Above th' excuse any six lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knowes: I am but sent
T' intreat hee may not be a President,
For hee does thinke that in this place there bee
Many have done't as much and more than hee;
But here's, he sayes, the difference of the Fates,
Hee begs a Pardon after't, they Estates.

FINIS.

AGLAURA.

REPRESENTED
At the Court, by his Majeſties Servants.

Written by
Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Walkley*, and are to be ſold by *Humphrey Moſeley*, at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Princes armes in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1646.

Prologue.

FOre love, a mighty Seſſions: and I feare,
Though kind laſt Sizes, 'twill be now ſevere;
For it is thought, and by iudicious men,
Aglaura 'ſcap't onely by dying then:
But 'twould be vaine for mee now to indeare,
Or ſpeake unto my Lords, the Judges here,
They hold their places by condemning ſtill,
And cannot ſhew at once mercie and skill;
For wit's ſo cruell unto wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not want ith' play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a plot.
But where the Servant had his Miſtreſſe got,
And whom to ſee a Lover dye it grieves,
Although 'tis in worſe language that he lives,
Will like't w'are confident, ſince here will bee,
That your Sex ever lik'd Varietie.

Prologue to the Court.

THis ſtrange perchance (you'll thinke) that ſhe that di'de
At Chriſtmas, ſhould at Eaſter be a Bride:
But 'tis a privilege the Poets have,
To take the long-ſince dead out of the grave:
Nor is this all, old Heroes *a ſleepe*
'Twixt marble coverlets, and ſix foot deepe

In earth, they boldly wake, and make them doe
All they did living here — ſometimes more too,
They give freſh life, reverſe and alter Fate,
And yet more bold, Almightie-like create:
And out of nothing onely to deifie
Reaſon, and Reaſons friend, Philoſophie,
Fame, honour, valour, all that's great, or good,
Or is at leaſt 'mongſt us, ſo underſtood,
They give, heav'ns theirs, no handſome woman dies,
But if they pleaſe, is ſtrait ſome ſtar i' th' skies —
But oh ——
How thoſe poore men of Meetre doe
Flatter themſelves with that, that is not true,
And 'cauſe they can trim up a little proſe,
And ſpoile it handſomly, vainly ſuppoſe
Th' are Omnipotent, can doe all thoſe things
That can be done onely by Gods and Kings.
Of this wild guilt, hee faine would bee thought free,
That writ this Play, and therefore (Sir) bymee,
Hee humbly begs, you would be pleas'd to know,
Aglaura's *but repriev'd this night, and though*
Shee now appeares upon a Poets call,
Shee's not to live, unleſſe you ſay ſhee ſhall.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Pasithas, *and Guard: hee places 'em; and Exit. A State set out. Enter* Ziriff, Jolas, Ariaspes.

Iol. A Glorious night!

Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so.
Are wee not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *They Enter the Cave.*

Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th'enheritance of night;
Have wee not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And stept into the confines of some melancholy
Devils Territorie?

Iol. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would not suffer any change.

Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobbie for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'le move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past *(to the above*
Retreat: you know the word if it be the prince. Ziriff *goes*

Enter King.

Ziriff. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.

King. Is hee not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within.

Iol. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this fellowes leaving of us.

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine owne nature too,
As jealous, as Love, or Honour; weare thy sword
In readinesse, and thinke how neere we are a Crowne.

Zir. Revenge! — *Guard ſeiſeth on'em.*
King. Ha! what's this?
Zir. Bring them forth. — *Brings them forth.*
Ari. The King.
Zir. Yes, and the Princes friend — *Diſcovers himſelfe.*
D'you know this face?
King. Zorannes.
Zor. The very ſame,
The wrong'd *Zorannes*, — King —
D you ſtare, ———
Away with them where I appointed.
King. Traytours, let mee goe;
Villaine, thou dar'ſt not doe this —
Zor. Poore Counterfeit,
How faine thou now would'ſt act a King, and art not:
Stay you, ——— *to* Ariaſpes.
Unhand him, ——— *Whiſpers.*
Leave us now. ——— *Exeunt.* *Manet* Ariaſp. Zoran.
Ari. What does this meane?
Sure hee does intend the Crowne to mee.
Zor. Wee are alone,
Follow mee out of the wood, and thou ſhalt be
Maſter of this againe,
And then beſt arme and title take it.
Ari. Thy offer is ſo noble, in gratitude Icannot
But propound gentler conditions,
Wee will divide the Empire.
Zor. Now by my fathers ſoule,
I doe almoſt repent my firſt intents,
And now could kill thee ſcurvily, for thinking
If I had a minde to rule
I would not rule alone,
Let not thy eaſie faith (loſt man)
Foole thee into ſo dull an hereſie;
Orbella is our quarrell, & I have thought it fit,
That love ſhould have a nobler way of Juſtice,
Than Revenge, or Treaſon.

If thou dar'ſt die handſomly, follow me. *Ex. And enter both again*

Zor. There, — *Gives him his ſword.*

Ari. Extremely good; Nature tooke paines I ſweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handſomely: —

Zir. 'Twas Fate that tooke it, when it decreed
Wee two ſhould meet, nor ſhall they mingle now,
Wee are but brought together ſtrait to part. — *Fight.*

Ari. Some Devill ſure has borrowed this ſhape,
My ſword ne're ſtaid thus long to finde an entrance.

Zir. To guiltie men, all that appeare is Devill;
Come trifler come, — *Fight.*

Ari. Dog, thou haſt it,

Zir. Why then it ſeemes my ſtar's as great as his,
I ſmile at thee. Ariaſpes *pants and*
Thou now would'ſt have me kill thee, *(runs at him to catch*
And 'tis a courteſie I cannot afford thee, *(his ſword*
I have bethought my ſelfe, there will be uſe
Of thee, — *Paſithas* — to the reſt with him. *Exit.*

Enter Paſithas, *and two of the Guard.* — *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſames.

Ther. The Dog-ſtar's got up high, it ſhould be late:
And ſure by this time every waking eare
And watchfull eye is charm'd; and yet mee thought
A noyſe of weapons ſtruck my eare juſt now.
'Twas but my Fancie ſure, and were it more,
I would not tread one ſtep, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, ſtood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands.
Danger, thou Dwarfe dreſt up in Giants clothes,
That ſhew'ſt far off ſtill greater than thou art,
Goe, terrifie the ſimple and the guiltie, ſuch
As with falſe Opticks ſtill doe looke upon thee:
But fright not Lovers, wee dare looke on thee
In thy worſt ſhapes and meet thee in them too. —
Stay theſe trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts,
— Love guide mee but right this night,
And Lovers ſhall reſtore thee back againe

Thoſe

Thoſe eyes the Poets tooke ſo boldly from thee. *Exit.*

A Taper. Table out.

Enter Aglaura, *with a Torch in one hand, a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand? much worſe
This ſuits with this, one of the two ſhould goe.
The ſhee within mee ſayes, it muſt be this——
Honor ſayes this —— and honour is *Therſames* friend.
What is that ſhee then? is it not a thing
That ſets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if wee
Doe flie, oretakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamie, or both doe ſeize us.—— *Puts out the light.*
Ha!---would 'twere in agen. Antiques & ſtrange miſhapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne're acquainted with. Fancie lets in,
Like a diſrouted multitude, by ſome ſtrange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afreſh comes on,
And charges Love too home.
——Hee comes, he comes.—— *A little noyſe below.*
Woman, if thou would'ſt be the Subject
Of mans wonder, Not his ſcorne hereafter, ——
——Now ſhew thy ſelfe.

Enter Therſames *from the vault, ſhe ſtabs him as hee riſeth.*

Ther. Unkindly done ——

Agl. The Princes voyce, defend it Goodneſſe?

Ther. What art thou that thus poorely
Haſt deſtroy'd a life?

Agl. Oh ſad miſtake, 'tis hee?

Ther. Haſt thou no voyce?

Agl. I would I had not, nor a being neither.

Ther. *Aglaura*, it cannot be?

Agl. Oh ſtill beleeve ſo, Sir,
For 'twas not I Indeed, but fatall Love.

Ther.

Ther. Loves wounds us'd to be gentler than these were,
The paines they give us have some pleasure
In them, and that these have not. *Enter* Ziriff *with a taper.*
Oh doe not say 'twas you, for that does wound agen:
Guard me my better Angell,
Doe I wake? my eyes (since I was man)
Ne're met with any object gave them so much trouble,
I dare not aske neither to be satisfied,
Shee lookes so guiltily——

Agl. Why doe you stare and wonder at a thing
That you your selfe have made thus mizerable?

Zir. Good gods, and I o'the partie too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this night
Meant to attempt my honour; that our condition
Would not admit of middle wayes, and that we must
Send them to graves, or lye our selves in dust?

Zir. Unfortunate mistake? Ziriff *knocks.*
I never did intend our safety by thy hands: *Enter* Pasithas.
Pasithas goe instantly and fetch *Andrages*
From his bed; how is it with you Sir?

Ther. As with the besieg'd:
My soule is so beset it does not know,
Whether't had best to make a desperate
Sally out by this port or not?

Agl. Sure I shall turne statue here.

Ther. If thou do'st love me, weepe not *Aglaura*
All those are drops of bloud and flow from me.

Zir. Now all the gods defend this way of expiation,
Think'st thou thy crime, *Aglaura* would be lesse,
By adding to it? or canst thou hope
To satisfie those powers, whom great sins
Doe displease, by doing greater.

Agl. Discourteous courtesie!
I had no other meanes left mee than this,
To let *Therſames* know I would doe nothing
To him, I would not doe unto my selfe,
And that thou takest away.

Ther.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little neerer,
I find a kind of willingneſſe to ſtay,
And find that willingneſſe ſomething obey'd.
My bloud now it perſwades it ſelfe
You did not call in earneſt,
Makes not ſuch haſt. —

Agl. Oh my deareſt Lord,
This kindneſſe is ſo full of crueltie,
Puts ſuch an uglineſſe on what I have done,
That when I looke upon it needs muſt fright
Me from my ſelfe, and which is more inſufferable.
I feare from you. (free?

Ther. Why ſhould that fright thee, which moſt comforts
I glorie in it and ſhall ſmile i'th' grave
To thinke our love was ſuch that nothing
But it ſelfe could e're deſtroy it.

Agl. Deſtroy it? can it have ever end?
Will you not be thus courteous then in the other world?
Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may or not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:
The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here,
And when thou art more pure.
Why ſhould I not more doubt it?

Agl. Becauſe if I ſhall be more pure,
I ſhall be then more fit for you.
Our Prieſts aſſure us an *Elyſium*,
And can that be *Elyſium* where true Lovers
Muſt not meet? Thoſe Powers that made our loves,
Did they intend them mortall,
Would ſure have made them of a courſer ſtuffe,
Would they not my Lord? —

Ther. Prethee ſpeake ſtill,
This muſique gives my ſoule ſuch pleaſing buſineſſe,
Takes it ſo wholly up it findes not leiſure to
Attend unto the ſummons death does make;

Yet

Yet they are loud and peremptorie now,
And I can onely —— *Faints.*

Agl. Some pitying Power inſpire me with
A way to follow him: heart wilt thou not
Breake it of thy ſelfe.

Zir. My griefes beſot me:
His ſoule will faile out with this purple tide,
And I ſhall here be found ſtaring
After't, like a man that's come too ſhort o'th' ſhip,
And's left behind upon the land. *Shee ſwounes.*

Enter Andrages.

Oh welcome welcome here lyes *Andrages*
Alas too great a triall for thy art.

And. There's fire in him from whence theſe wounds?

Zir. Oh 'tis no time for ſtorie.

And. 'Tis not mortall my Lord bow him gently,
And help me to infuſe this into him;
The ſoule is but aſleepe and not gone forth.

Ther. Oh —— ho:——

Zir. Hearke the Prince does live.

Ther. What e're thou art haſt given me now a life,
And with it all my cares and miſeries,
Expect not a reward no not a thanks.
If thou would'ſt merit from me,
(Yet who would be guilty of ſo loſt an action)
Reſtore me to my quietneſſe agen.
For life and that are moſt incompatible.

Zir. Still in deſpaires:
I did not thinke till now 'twas in the power
Of Fortune to have robb'd *Therſames* of himſelfe,
For pitie, Sir and reaſon live;
If you will die die not *Aglaura*' murther'd,
That's not ſo handſome: at leaſt die not
Her murthered and her murtherer too;
For that will ſurely follow. Looke up, Sir,
This violence of Fortune cannot laſt ever:
Who knowes but all theſe clouds are ſhadowes,

To

To ſet off your fairer dayes, if it growes blacker,
And the ſtormes doe riſe, this harbour's alwayes open.
Ther. What ſay'ſt thou, *Aglaura?*
Agl. What ſayes *Andrages?*
And. Madam, would Heaven his mind would admit
As eaſie cure, as his body will,
'Twas onely want of bloud,
And two houres reſt reſtores him to himſelfe.
Zir. And by that time it may be Heaven
Will give our miſeries ſome eaſe:
Come Sir repoſe upon a bed,
There's time enough to day.
Ther. Well, I will ſtill obey,
Though I muſt feare it will be with me,
But as 'tis with tortured men,
Whom States preſerve onely to wrack agen. *Exeunt.*
Take off table.
Enter Ziriff *with a taper.*
Zir. All faſt too here
They ſleepe to night
I'their winding ſheets, I thinke, there's ſuch
A generall quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant you:
For luſt does take as little reſt, as care, or age.
Courting her glaſſe, I ſwear fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you ſhall ſee trulier what you are. *He knocks, Enter Queen.*
Orb. What make you up at this ſtrange houre, my Lord?
Zir. My buſineſſe is my boldneſſe warrant,
(Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n ſo pleas'd.
Orb. 'Tis a ſad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?
Zir. The King——
Orb. I: what of him? is well, is he not?
Zir. Yes,——
If to be on's journey to the other world

Be to be well, hee is.

Orb. Why he's not dead, is he?

Zir. Yes, Madam, dead.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I doe not know particulars.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes (Madam.)

Orb. Art ſure hee's dead?

Zir. Madam, I know him as certainly dead,
As I know you too muſt die hereafter.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes, dead.

Orb. We muſt all die.
The Siſters ſpin no cables for us mortalls;
Th'are threds; and Time, and chance——
Truſt me I could weep now,
But watrie diſtillations doe but ill on graves,
They make the lodging colder. *Shee knocks.*

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord;
I would conſult and know what's to be done.

Zir. (Madam) 'tis not ſo ſafe to raiſe the Court;
Things thus unſetled, if you pleaſe to have——

Orb. Where's *Ariaſpes?*

Zir. In's dead ſleepe by this time ſure,

Orb. I know he is not! find him inſtantly.

Zir. I'm gone,—— *Turnes back again.*
But Madam, why make you choyce of him, from whom
If the ſucceſſion meet diſturbance,
All muſt come of danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet ſo wiſe, as to be
Jealous; Pray diſpute no further.

Zir. Pardon me (Madam) if before I goe
I muſt unlock a ſecret to you; ſuch a one
As while the King did breathe durſt know no aire,
Zorannes lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir.

Zir. And in the hope of ſuch a day as this
Has lingred out a life, ſnatching, to feed
His almoſt famiſh'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a diſguiſe.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they ſay you did,
And doe ſo ſtill; 'tis now within your power!

Orb. I would it were, my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, if I did love him once,
(as 'tis ſo long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuſe it?

Orb. Yes, excuſe it Sir.

Zir. Though I confeſſe I lov'd his father much,
And pitie him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts: I have diſcharg'd a truſt;
And zeale ſhall ſtray no further.
(Your pardon Madam:) *Exit.*

Orb. May be 'tis but a plot to keep off *Ariaſpes*
Greatneſſe, which he muſt feare, becauſe he knowes
Hee hates him: for theſe great States-men,
That when time has made bold with the King
And Subject, throwing downe all fence
That ſtood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons comming in with flouds,
That leap o're wyres and nets and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Looke here vaine thing and ſee thy ſins full blown:
There's ſcarce a part in all this face, thou haſt
Not been forſworne by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I loſt a Father, Countrey, friends,
My ſelfe almoſt, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no uſe thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'ſt the principle away:— *Prompt.*
As wantons entring a Garden, take

The

The firſt faire flower they meet, and
Treaſur't in their laps.
Then ſeeing more, doe make freſh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The firſt poor flower o're-charg'd, with too much weight
Withers and dies:
So haſt thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me firſt, I will kill —
Orb. Hold — hold —
Not for my ſake, but *Orbella*'s (Sir) a bare
And ſingle death is ſuch a wrong to Juſtice,
I muſt needs except againſt it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For death's no puniſhment it is the ſenſe,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death:
To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have loſt in loſing of my ſelfe;
Are deaths farre worſe than any you can give:
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I ſhall ſo waſh this ſoule of mine with teares,
Make it ſo fine, that you would be afreſh
In love with it, and ſo perchance I ſhould (*her head.*
Again come to deceive you. *She riſes up weeping, & hanging down*
Zir. So riſes day, bluſhing at nights deformitie:
And ſo the prettie flowers blubber'd with dew,
And over waſht with raine, hang downe their heads,
I muſt not looke upon her: (*Queen Goes towards him.*)
Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as freſh
As are the Roſes; had I but innocence
Cyn'd to theſe bluſhes, I ſhould then be bold,
For when they went a begging they were ne're deni'de,
'Tis but a parting kiſſe Sir —
Enter Paſithas, *and two Guard.*
Zir. I dare not grant it. — *Paſithas* — away with her.
A bed put out. Therſames *and* Aglaura *on it*, Andrages *by.*
Ther. Shee wake't me with a ſigh,
And yet ſhee ſleepes her ſelfe, Sweet Innocence,

Can it be ſinne to love this ſhape,
And if it be not, why am I perſecuted thus?—
Shee ſighs agen, ſleepe that drownes all cares,
Cannot I ſee charme loves? bleſt pillowes,
Through whoſe fineneſſe does appeare
The Violets, Lillies, and the Roſes
You are ſtuft withall, to whoſe ſoftneſſe
I owe the ſweet of this repoſe, (wakes
Permit me to leave with you this,— *Kiſſes them, ſhe*
See if I have not wake't her,
Sure I was borne, *Aglaura*, to deſtroy
Thy quiet.
Agl. Mine, my Lord,
Call you this drowſineſſe a quiet then?
Beleeve me, Sir, 'twas an intruder I much
Struggled with, and have to thanke a dreame,
Not you, that it thus left me.
Ther. A dreame! what dreame, my Love?
Agl. I dreamp't (Sir) it was day,
And the feare you ſhould be found here.
Enter Ziriff.
Zir. Awake; how is it with you, Sir?
Ther. Well, extreamly well, ſo well, that had I now
No better a remembrancer than paine,
I ſhould forget I e're was hurt,
Thanks to Heav'n and good *Andrages*.
Zir. And more than thanks I hope we yet ſhall
Live to pay him. How old's the night?
And. Far-ſpent I feare, my Lord.
Zir. I have a cauſe that ſhould be heard
Yet ere day breake and I muſt needs intreat
You Sir to be the Judge in't.
Ther. What cauſe *Zorannes*?
Zir. When you have promis'd — (*Zorannes*
Ther. 'Twere hard I ſhould deny thee any thing.— *Exit*
Know'ſt thou *Andrages*, what he meanes?
And. Nor cannot gheſſe, Sir, — *Draw in the bed*

I read a trouble in his face, when first
Hee left you, but understood it not.

Enter Zoranes, *King* Ariaspes, Jolas, *Queene and two or three Guard.*

Zor. Have I not pitcht my nets like a good Huntsman?
Looke, Sir, the noblest of the Herd are here.

Ther. I am astonished.

Zor. This place is yours. — *Helps him up.*

Ther. What wouldst thou have me doe.

Zor. Remember, Sir, your promise,
I could doe all I have to doe, alone;
But Justice is not Justice unlesse't be justly done:
Here then I will begin, for here began my wrongs.
This woman (Sir) was wondrous faire, and wondrous
Kinde, — I, faire and kind, for so the storie runs,
She gave me looke for looke, and glance for glance,
And every sigh like eccho's was return'd,
Wee sent up vow by vow, promise on promise,
So thick and strangely multiplyed,
That sure we gave the heavenly Registers
Their businesse, and other mortalls oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others paines,
Each others joyes, thought the same thought,
And spoke the very same;
Wee were the same and I have much adoe
To thinke she could be ill, and I not
Be so too, and after this, all this (Sir)
Shee was false, lov'd him, and him,
And had I not begun revenge,
Till she had made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have killd,
What does this deserve?

Ther. A punishment he best can make
That suffered the wrong.

Zor. I thanke you, Sir,
For him I will not trouble you,
His life is mine, I won it fairly.

And his is yours, he loſt it foully to you —
To him (Sir) now:
A man ſo wicked that he knew no good,
But ſo as't made his ſins the greater for't.
Thoſe ills, which ſingly acted bred deſpaire
In others, he acted daily, and ne're thought
Upon them.
The grievance each particular has againſt him
I will not meddle with, it were to give him
A long life, to give them hearing,
I'le onely ſpeake my owne.
Firſt then the hopes of all my youth,
And a reward which Heaven had ſettled on me,
(If holy contracts can doe any thing)
He raviſht from me, kill'd my father,
Aglaura's father, Sir, would have whor'd my ſiſter,
And murther'd my friend, this is all:
And now your ſentence, Sir.

Ther. We have no puniſhment can reach theſe crimes:
Therefore 'tis juſteſt ſure to ſend him where
Th'are wittier to puniſh than we are here:
And cauſe repentance oft ſtops that proceeding,
A ſudden death is ſure the greateſt puniſhment.

Zor. I humbly thanke you Sir. (ſelfe

King. What a ſtrange glaſſe th'have ſhew'd me now my
In; our ſins like to our ſhadowes,
When our day is in its glorie ſcarce appear'd,
Towards our evening how great and monſtrous
They are.

Zor. Is this all you have to ſay? — *Draws.*

Ther. Hold: — now goe you up.

Zor. What meane you, Sir?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you, —
That all thy accuſations are juſt,
I muſt acknowledge,
And to theſe crimes, I have but this t'oppoſe,
Hee is my Father, and thy Soveraigne. —

'Tis

'Tis wickednesse (deare Friend) wee goe about
to punish, and when w'have murther'd him,
What difference is there 'twixt him and
Our selves, but that hee first was wicked? ——
Thou now would'st kill him 'cause he kill'd thy Father,
And when th'hast kill'd, have not I the selfe same
Quarrell?

Zor. Why Sir, you know you would your selfe
Have done it.

Ther. True: and therefore 'tis I beg his life,
There was no way for mee to have
Redeem'd th'intent, but by a reall
Saving of it.
If he did ravish from thee thy *Orbella*,
Remember that that wicked issue had
A noble parent Love, —— Remember
How he lov'd *Zorannes* when he was *Ziriff*; ——
Ther's something due to that.
If you must needs have bloud for your revenge,
Take it here——despise it not *Zorannes*: Zorannes *turnes*
The gods themselves, whose greatnesse
Makes the greatnesse of our sins,
And heightens'em above what wee can doe
Unto each other, accept of sacrifice
For what wee doe 'gainst them,
Why should not you, and 'tis much thriftier too:
You cannot let out life there, but my honour
Goes, and all the life you can take here,
Posterity will give mee back agen;
See, *Aglaura* weepes:
That would have beene *ill* Rhetorique in mee,
But where it is, it cannot but perswade.

Ready Courtiers, and Guard, with their swords drawne, at the brests of the Prisoners.

Zor. Th'have thaw'd the ice about my heart;
I know not what to doe.

King. Come downe come downe, I will be King agen,
There's none so fit to be the Judge of this
As I; the life you shew'd such zeale to save,

I here

I here could willingly returne you back;
But that's the common price of all revenge.
Enter Guard, Orſames, Philan, *Courtiers*,
Orithie, Semanthe.
Jol. Ari. Ha, ha, ha: how they looke now?
Zor. Death: what's this?
Ther. Betray'd agen;
All th'eaſe our Fortune gives our miſeries is hope,
And that ſtill proving falſe, growes part of it.
King. From whence this Guard? (ſoners,
Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while we were his pri-
One of his owne to raiſe the Court; ſhallow ſoules,
That thought wee could not countermine,
Come Sir, y'are in good poſture to diſpatch them.
King. Lay hold upon his inſtrument:
Fond man, do'ſt thinke I am in love with villany?
All the ſervice they can doe mee here
Is but to let theſe ſee the right I doe
Them now is unconſtrain'd, then thus I doe proceed.
Upon the place *Zoranes* loſt his life,
I vow to build a tomb, and on that tomb
I vow to pay three whole yeares penitence,
If in that time I finde that heaven and you
Can pardon; I ſhall finde agen the way
To live amongſt you.
Ther. Sir be not ſo cruell to your ſelfe, this is an age,—
King. 'Tis now irrevocable. thy Fathers lands
I give thee back agen, and his commands;
And with them, leave to weare the Tyara,
That man there has abus'd. —
To you *Orbella*,
Who it ſeemes are foul'e as well as I,
I doe preſcribe the ſelfe ſame phyſick
I doe take my ſelfe:
But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnerie.
Orb. Above my hopes.
King.

King. For you, who ſtill have beene
The ready inſtrument of all my cruelties,
And there have cancell'd all the bonds of brother,
Perpetuall baniſhment: nor, ſhould
This line expire, ſhall thy right have a place.
Ari. Hell and Furies. — *Exit.*
King. Thy crimes deſerve no leſſe; yet 'cauſe thou wert
Heavens inſtrument to ſave my life,
Thou onely haſt that time of baniſhment. (*Kings hand*
I have of penitence. — *Comes down.* *Ziriff offers to kiſſe the*
Jol. May it be plague and famine here till I returne.
No: thou ſhalt not yet forgive mee:
King. *Aglaura*, thus I freely part with thee,
And part with all fond flames and warme deſires,
I cannot feare new agues in my bloud
Since I have overcome the charmes
Thy beauty had, no other ever can
Have ſo much power, *Therſames*, thou look'ſt pale,
Is't want of reſt? (*whiſper.*
Ther. No Sir; but that's a ſtorie for your eare — *They*
Orſ. A ſtrange and happy change.
Ori. All joyes wait on you ever.
Agl. *Orithie*
How for thy ſake now could I wiſh
Love were no Mathematick point,
But would admit diviſion, that *Therſames* might,
Though at my charge, pay thee the debt he owes thee.
Ori. Madam, I loved the Prince, not my ſelfe;
Since his vertues have their full rewards,
I have my full deſires.
King. What miracles of preſervation have wee had?
How wiſely have the ſtars prepar'd you for felicitie?
Nothing endeares a good more than the contemplation
Of the difficultie wee had to attaine to it:
But ſee, Nights Empire's out,
And a more glorious auſpitiouſly does begin;
Let us goe ſerve the gods, and then prepare

For